THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

OCTOBER 1922

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by Austin Harrison

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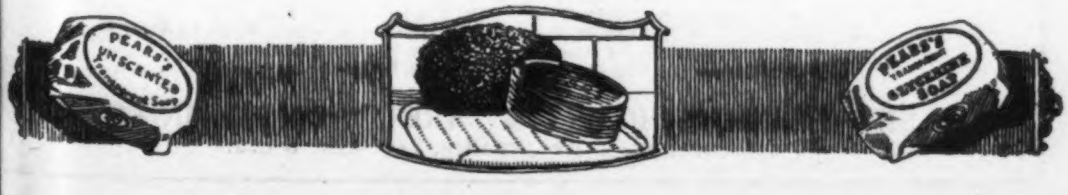

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THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

OCTOBER, 1922.

The Old Song

(On the Embankment in stormy weather)

By G. K. Chesterton

A LIVID sky on London
And like iron steeds that rear,
A shock of engines halted,
And I knew the end was near:
And something said that far away, over the hills and far away,
There came a crawling thunder and the end of all things here.
For London Bridge is broken down, broken down, broken down,
As digging lets the daylight on the sunken streets of yore,
The lightning looked on London town, the broken bridge of London town,
The ending of a broken road where men shall go no more.

I saw the kings of London town,
The kings that buy and sell,
That built it up with penny loaves
And penny lies as well:
And where the streets were paved with gold, the shrivelled paper shone for gold,
The scorching light of promises that pave the streets of hell.
For penny loaves will melt away, melt away, melt away,
Mock the mean that haggled in the grain they did not grow;
With hungry faces in the gate, a hundred thousand in the gate,
A thunder-flash on London and the finding of the foe.

I heard the hundred pin-makers
Slow down their racking din,
Till in the stillness men could hear
The dropping of the pin:
And somewhere men without the wall, beneath the wood, without the wall,
Had found the place where London ends and England can begin.
For pins and needles bend and break, bend and break, bend and break,
Faster than the breaking spears or the bending of the bow
Of pageants pale in thunder-light, 'twixt thunder-load and thunder-light,
The Hundreds marching on the hills in the wars of long ago.

I saw great Cobbett riding,
The horseman of the shires;
And his face was red with judgment
And a light of Luddite fires:
And south to Sussex and the sea the lights leapt up for liberty,
The trumpet of the yeomanry, the hammer of the squires;
For bars of iron rust away, rust away, rust away,
Rend before the hammer and the horseman riding in,
Crying that all men at the last, and at the worst and at the last,
Have found the place where England ends and England can begin.

His horse-hoofs go before you,
Far beyond your bursting tyres;
And time is bridged behind him
And our sons are with our sires.
A trailing meteor on the Downs he rides above the rotting towns,
The Horseman of Apocalypse, the Rider of the Shires.
For London Bridge is broken down, broken down, broken down;
Blow the horn of Huntingdon from Scotland to the sea—
. . . Only a flash of thunder-light, a flying dream of thunder-light,
Had shown under the shattered sky a people that were free.

Moon-Wane

By Michael Fairfax

Hush! the moon dazzles. In her virgin light
The carnival of day
Is shrouded, the nun's sharp-cut black and white
For the dancer's tinsel and feathers, glowing gay
In the spot-light. Hush! No sound
Perfume the enchanted ground,
But this hymn's ebb, this incantation's wane,
For I must lull the fairies, and strike dumb
Satyr and Ægipan, restrain
Even the nymphs, till earth become
A shrine of silence—then
Let my voice cease to offend the ears of Gods and men!

Hush! the moon dazzles! As I pace nine times
The circle in her praise,
My steps uncertain as my soul sublimes
Its instrument; voice trembles as I raise
The spell. Mist gathers, clouds
Mine eyes with gossamer shrouds.
I am drunken on her purity, distraught
By her divinity, made blind
By the intense light of her thought
—It is not lawful for mankind
To drink of the hidden springs
With unchaste lips, with hands impure to touch true things.

She hath made me mad. She hath kindled a cold fire
Upon the altar-stone
Of my dead heart, no incense of desire
To burn, but with my life to feed it, thrown
For fuel to its sterile splendour,
No swordsman to defend her,
No priest to worship her, no pythoness,
No prophet, will she, but a mirror-soul
By light received to express
Her virtue, to shine sole

True witness to her cult
That looks not back to cause, nor forward to result.

My soul is sundered by her sickle. Each nerve,
  Each cell exactly chosen
Feeds, but not surfeits, the one need, to serve
  That sublime altar, that flame fixed and frozen.
Flowers in my soul that bloomed
Ye are utterly consumed
Even as the weeds and herbs of pestilence,
  Her soul esteeming hate
And love alike offence
  To silence, the pure state
Of virtue that would live
Perfect with all, unsoiled by self's initiative.

Hush! the moon dazzles. But a meteor streaks
  The midnight. Sudden I see
The sky her glamour hid. The Pole Star speaks
  Firmness, the Great Bear signals Loyalty.
Sirius blazes: "None
Of us but whirls a sun,
Shepherd of systems! none but plays his part
  Minute in some august
Galaxy, brain and heart
  Aflame, yet with no lust
One state to gain, to shirk
Another, but—huge joy for the work's sake, to work."

Io Paian! The moon dazzles not. Dead globe,
  Cast clout of Mother Earth,
Her lackey, flaunting our great Father's robe
  Of light, an insolent wench vaunting her girth,
The pettiest satellite
In heaven! The slut of night!
To work! Sweep well our doorsteps with the tides!
  Rule sailors, hunters, witches,
Lovers and other lunatics, wide's
  The scope! be bayed by bitches,
But ask no hymns from one
Who knows Mother Earth's breast shades his sleep from
    Father Sun.

I am a star! I whirl and blaze! I set
  Planets above me, play
My part in the great game of life, though yet
  I hardly know the rules, and day by day
Pain purges ignorance!
The captain? Fate or Chance?
The end? The plan? If end or plan there be!
  I know not, nor can know;
Why worry? I cannot see
  Whence came I, whither I go.
I know not who I am,
Nor what, but Will's my lance, and Love's my oriflamme.

A star, adrift in space! A soul, afloat
  In the æther! Absolute,
Unique, eternal, God and man, a mote,
  May be, but free my will to execute.
Love is my charioteer:
With the whip of Pride and Fear,
Wisdom and understanding for his reins,
  He masters the wild horses
Bred of my heart and brain,
  The incalculable forces
Of a man—drive on! we'll race
The Sun from Here to Now to the end of Time and Space!

The Rock

By Michael Fairfax

SEAWARD my terrace—seaward from the hill
  Is open; iris and geranium
Fledge it; beyond, the wardens of my will,
Stand olive, mulberry, almond; stern and still
  Cypress and ilex. Then uprears its dumb
  Portent the Rock, the town's Palladium—
Callous to its man-vermin's good or ill
  For æons past, for chiliads to come!

The sea's eternal siege, the sky's disdain,
  The earth's convulsions have not stirred its base.

The generations in their senseless pain,
Their aimless effort, their blind dreams insane
  Have left but orts of rubble on its face.
  Was this a temple? That a market place?
Here fortress? Cistern there? Beshrew thee, brain!
  Guess, fancy, rhetoric cannot cloud the case!

Man—canst not thou hold memory of man?
  Canst thou not read thine own sires' testament?
Scornful, I spurn the ruins, and I scan
Sea, sky, and rock; I scrutinise the plan
  Of Nature—is some Titan hugely pent
  Under that bulk in rage by Vulcan rent?
Is it a God's throne? An Olympian
  Altar? Or all planned? Gross accident?

I search my heart, I count life, scar by scar,
  Explore the ruins of age on age of thought
And act—few years, but full—my fame, a star,
My love, a flame, my work, a tower—that are
  Yet extant. But their meaning? They are naught.
  I knew not what I did, nor what I sought.
Intelligence? Insuperable bar
  To the enjoyment of all manly sport!

Its ruins fret not, weary not the rock.
  Eternity ignores Time's trickle of sands.
Space compensates all motion, pens the flock
Of stars in silence. The event will mock
  The agitation of the gods, whose hands
  Twist, untwist, tangle, disentangle strands
To end where they began—shock counters shock—
  I build life and I wreck it. The soul stands.

To a New-born Child

By Michael Fairfax

On that intolerable planet
Whose nature and whose name is Hell,
There slants a path of polished granite
Straight to a scaffold from a cell.

With lids cut off and fettered hands
Each shoots the inexorable slope
To where the hooded hangman stands
His fingers ready on the rope.

Didst thou not know by what black art
Malice fees Love for his attorney,
Whose sly words wheedle souls to start
That unintelligible journey?

Whence wast thou? Was that place unknown
Airless and abject, an abyss
Of agony, as this our own
Perdition of paralysis?

No more! Truth's withered in her well;
The dry pump Reason mocks our thirst.
All that we know is horror of hell,
And are we sure we know the worst?

With leaping lungs you got your grip
On air—"I will to live" your cry.
The white bark of the phrase may strip
To the black pith "I will to die."

On this intolerable planet,
Earth's evil that exceedeth hell,
There slants a path of polished granite
Straight to a scaffold from a cell.

With eyelids clipt and fettered hands,
Thou also slidest on the slope
To where the hooded hangman stands,
His fingers ready on the rope.

The Mystery of the Perennial Paragraph*

By H. G. Wells

A MAJORITY probably of those who write books in the British Isles receive and in many cases pay for British Press-cuttings. Every few days the postman brings them a greenish-blue bale which, generally speaking, they open and read. Snippets of newspaper, each gummed to a slip of greenish paper, informs them of their movements, of the books they have published and are about to publish, and occasionally of other matters with which their names have been associated. Reassured in this manner of their own existence, they go on with it. The cuttings are dropped into waste-paper baskets and carried away to furnaces, dust-bins, and other places of destruction and decay. In some cases it is said—but this is probably a facetious invention—they are preserved, stuck into elegantly bound books by a secretary or secretaries and re-perused by the author in those moods of self-incredulity inevitable in the literary life.

It is very doubtful if any British authors receive American Press-cuttings, or if any American authors receive British Press-cuttings. This is not due, as Mr. Mencken might suppose, to a mutual scorn and hostility, but to the complete inability of British writers to compass so difficult a process as paying in dollars in America, and to the equally low standard of practical intelligence among American authors. No doubt if British Press-cuttings could be bought in New York or American cuttings in London with the common local currency, they would be bought greedily.

The motive of authors in buying Press-cuttings is not vanity, but diffidence. At the bottom of every writer's heart is a complete disbelief that what he has written can ever be read by any living soul. He is not like a speaker or an actor or playwright or a welsher, who can see and hear his

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audience. He never sees anyone reading his work except those to whom he is, for quite other reasons, near and dear. His scrutiny of bookstalls and booksellers' windows emphasises his sense of his own obscurity. These grains of reference, washed by the Press-cutting bureau like grains of gold out of the vast alluvium of the Press, are generally the only evidences he has of that attention without which continued writing is impossible.

In the early stages of the literary life these cuttings are read with keen and sometimes almost feverish interest. Suspicions, antagonisms, amazing discoveries of friendliness and sympathy are begotten. As the years pass the sensationalism dies out of the bale. The old worn author, tired long ago of his personality and depleted of personal reactions, sunken below such things or risen above such things, does not so much read as inhale these bits of newspaper. They are necessary but uninteresting—like his breakfast egg. They classify. Here are the old formulæ of praise and blame, the inevitable comment, the preparatory paragraph, the patronage of the pretentious ass, the outbreak of antagonism, the voice of an obstinate loyalty, the understanding man a little weary at having to say it again, the idiot who reads between the lines and finds a confession in every sin and a caricature in every character. "Naturally," says the old writer. "Naturally. Quite a large bale. It is all going on very well and better than I deserve." They rustle and drop. Only now and then does he linger over any of them. Yet now and then, even nowadays, the rest of the lot coiled like shavings on the floor, one holds the hand. There are odd things even in a bale of Press-cuttings. There are mysteries.

There is mystery and interest still in the extraordinary battered line portraits of one that are given chiefly in local newspapers. Why are these things drawn, and how are they drawn? What demand do they satisfy? One wishes one had begun collecting these little pictures years ago. Every variety of face one would have in that collection; long faces, short faces, fat faces, thin faces, great Armenoid noses, snub noses, dark Welsh types, large blonde Norwegian types, no chin, scores of chins. One thing is clear, one fact emerges; there is a moustache. If that moustache

were shaved off, this author's face would be any old face—and any old sex. But it is not with these portraits that this present speculation is concerned. It is with a peculiar persistent sort of paragraph that beats like a refrain through all the collection of ephemeral attention. To the writer this persistent paragraph is now the most intriguing thing in all his publicity. He cannot understand its unquenchable vitality.

Every author will probably understand what is meant here by this " persistent paragraph " and every author has probably his own distinctive set of such things. One of the most persistent in the case of the present writer is what he will call the " Henley's Last Subscriber " paragraph. It began to appear about ten or twelve years ago and it continues to appear steadily and frequently. It turns up in sixpenny magazines and in illustrated papers, in local and colonial newspapers, in Book-Chat columns and popular penn'orths and twopenn'orths. Sometimes it becomes infrequent, but if the author is run over or given a peerage or married or produces a play or dies or attracts attention in any such way, it is immediately revived. In all it must have been written out, sent in, and paid for as an original contribution many hundreds of times. Its heading varies with the taste of the editor, but the wording is almost constant. It is to this effect:—

> **W. E. Henley and H. G. Wells were associated in the production of the *National Observer*, which somehow never quite hit the taste of the public. Nothing they could do would turn the tide. They were discussing their outlook one day in the deepest gloom when Henley, looking out of the window, saw a funeral passing. "Now who can that be?" he asked. "That must be our only subscriber," said Wells.**

This is not a very amusing nor a very interesting story, but editors continue to accept it, print it, and, we must suppose, pay for it, over and over again. Why do they? It is not true, and only people grossly ignorant of things literary could ever believe it to be true. Every editor who prints it proclaims himself ignoramus. Henley's *National Observer* was a weekly of small circulation but enormous prestige; it gave what were almost the beginnings of Barrie, Kipling, and a score of other brilliant writers to the world, the two Stevensons and all sorts of such people were in it, and so far from the present writer being an associate

of Henley's in those days, he was a youngster just beginning to write, speechless with awe in the presence of that glorious old Olympian. The picture this paragraph conjures up of two frowsty failures peering through the fly-blown panes of a dingy office is, as a reminiscence of the *National Observer*, a libel on good literature and a gross insult to the memory of a great poet and a great and inspiring editor. Yet the other little editors up and down the Empire and all round the world go on printing it, and, I suppose, paying for it. Who is it keeps on sending this thing out? Why does he do it? And how is it done? Is it copied out afresh and posted afresh? Does this paragraph really pay expenses? It is an almost inconceivable business. The writer of it, the owner of the copyright, cannot get more than a few shillings for it each time. But he must get those few shillings a countless number of times. And it would not take a village idiot five minutes to invent a better and more plausible story. . . . Or is it after all a joke, the jest of some malignant humorist who has seen fit to become a sort of editorial foolometer?

There is an unavoidable indignation at that paragraph because it smirches a dead man's memory, but another newer specimen of these hardy perennials which has had at least a couple of hundred airings in the last four years or so, is less offensive. Like the former one, it is a pure invention. It is not even founded on fact.

> At a recent public dinner Mr. H. G. Wells found himself sitting next to a gentleman who showed himself in close sympathy with the author's well-known enthusiasm for the improvement of the race. "If I had my way, everybody should drink boiling water, lots of boiling water," said this new convert to Utopia. "You are a physician, I presume?" said Mr. Wells. "No," said the unknown; "I am a coal merchant."

Here again there seems to the writer very little of that golden laughter which uplifts the soul. Perhaps the writer is irritated and his " sense of humour " fails him. Perhaps this is what a large section of the public considers " *good*." Perhaps it is just because of these very people who will consider it " good," that this particular paragraph rankles. Anyhow, this little story gets printed and printed and printed, and apparently none of the proprietors of the publications in which it appears ever come down to the office and talk about it to the editor. And in a few days or a

week, or a fortnight at the outside, it will come along again in the greenish-blue bale, reprinted once more—to exasperate. For it exasperates. It is absurd that this particular anecdote should exasperate, but it does. More than any of the others. . . . It's pure oafishness. . . .

A third instance that may seem to many a more reasonable grievance against the mysterious ways of contemporary journalism shall round off this brief inquiry. This perennial is usually headed "An Exploded Prophet," or "Modern False Prophets," or some such title. Sometimes it just concerns the writer; sometimes it is combined with what is no doubt equally authentic matter about other people. It runs in this fashion:—

> In his "End of the War" prophecies Mr. H. G. Wells was badly bunkered. In September, 1916, he was asked "as a recognised prophet" to forecast the date on which the war would end. He said, "I agree to risk my reputation as a soothsayer. In November the Germans will begin to squeal, and in seven months the war will end."

This is explicit, is it not? And it goes on continually. It is a statement that circulates almost as steadily as the sun. And, like the sun, it goes round the world. It has flourished now for six years. It is rapidly becoming the best-known thing about the writer. But if one got that perennial paragrapher by the ear, and, with a twisting action, pressed for his evidence to prove these interesting statements, he would find it hard to save his ear. Some defence he could put up. The thing is not a pure invention, like the fly-blown Henley and the cynical coal-merchant; but if it is not a complete invention, it is rather worse: it is an ingenuous distortion of a private conversation. The *Star*, in September, 1916, gave a partial translation of what purported to be an interview given to a French journalist in Paris. On that second-hand report at second-hand this perennial paragrapher builds. That French journalist had met the author at a dinner party and had made himself tiresome by pressing for some guess at the date of the end of the war. There was no getting away from him, no changing the topic. "Joffre," the author pleaded, "asks that of his chauffeur." "But Monsieur Wells"—flattering and propitiating gestures—"is a recognised prophet!" Hatred gleams through superficial politeness in the reply:

"You are asking me to risk that reputation." "But some date must seem more probable than another?" Where violence and flight are out of the question there is no escape from bad manners. The hostess inadvertently joined the hunt. The writer tried to balance considerations in the face of that flushed and eager journalist bent with a simple professional intentness upon making a fool of his fellow diner. The situation was canvassed. When *would* the end come? The Russians had not collapsed in those days, a big Allied offensive impended, the tank had still to be muffed by the British generals, and the Germans were already trying for a peace without victory. But the journalist did not listen to any discussion of the situation, he lacked the necessary ganglia, he just wanted to fix his man to a date. "And how long will that take?" "Perhaps as soon as next summer. How can one tell?" "Next summer—that is June?" Off he rushed from the dinner-table to proclaim that the recognised prophet had laid his magical egg marked distinctly with June, 1917. The prophet had risked his reputation, staked his reputation, said as much with his own lips.

Such are the misadventures of the careless dinner-table talker. One assumes a dinner party is marked "Private—for experimental suggestions only," and when one finds one's table-talk portentously misrepresented next day as an Important Public Statement, what can one do? Complain to one's hostess? Start a tiresome journalistic wrangle? Let the thing blow over? The latter course seems the wiser one to an indolent disposition. But the perennial paragrapher will not let this thing blow over. That dinner was eaten in 1916—six years ago. The perennial paragrapher has kept on at that prophecy, which was never made as a positive prophecy at all, ever since. It crops up from Caithness, from Melbourne, from South Wales, from Birmingham. In the last week it has come in five times from five different newspapers. This particular paragrapher will probably go on for years yet gnawing away a decent reputation for respecting fact, and long after the writer is dead. . . .

None of this, as Mr. Toots would say, is of the slightest consequence. It just occurred to me. But I cannot

understand what manner of man the perennial paragrapher is, nor how and why he does what he does. His mind is as mysterious to me as that of *Pithecanthropus erectus* or the Neanderthal Man. And his editors also fill me with a dark sense of things not understood. All the rest of those blue-green bundles of Press-cuttings are as easy as breathing; but the items I find more and more interesting and disturbing are the ones I have seen endless times before. They hint at something dead and dreadful in our mental life, something too dead to kill.

London's University Site

By Sir Edwin Lutyens, R.A.

THE completion of the County Hall has reawakened London to the importance and the possibilities of our great river highway, also good fortune has ordained that a further large tract of land on the banks of the Thames is available for development. A site covering 16 acres belonging to the Duke of Westminster, and about 4 acres to the Government and L.C.C. in Millbank, with about 7 acres in possession of Messrs. Doulton facing it across the water, offers great opportunities for the erection of buildings worthy of our capital. What are we going to do with it?

It cannot be left undeveloped, and in a few years' time it may be covered with a heterogeneous collection of factories, office blocks, or tenement buildings. There is an even more sinister and horrible suggestion that it should be converted into an aerodrome for seaplanes to defend London, or to save a handful of airway passengers the trouble of a motor run to Croydon or Hendon. The din of aeroplane engines interrupting the eloquence or the meditations of our legislators, hereditary and otherwise, in the adjacent Houses of Parliament, and disturbing the peaceful sanctity of Westminster Abbey, as well as the quiet essential to the efficiency of St. Thomas's Hospital.

A large area like this, in the heart of London, close to the centres of our religious, Imperial and civic life, presents a unique opportunity for town-planning and for the erection of a building of national importance. What more suitable site for the University of London could be devised?

The University of London, as London's educational centre, occupies a position of far more than local eminence, and to hide its light under the bushel of the British Museum or to banish it to the hinterland of Holland Park, when such a site as this is available on the banks of the Thames, would be an offence alike against education, civic patriotism, and true architectural expression.

It will, of course, be objected that the matter is already *chose jugée*. The Government has bought the Bloomsbury site and would, no doubt, gladly wash its hands of the whole affair at the earliest possible moment. Its spokesmen eagerly grasp at the catchword "economy," to be achieved by the cramping of the University buildings in this restricted area, on the cynical ground that one façade will thus be sufficient for the whole! Granted that, in a time of universal financial depression, we must carefully examine every shilling we pay out, it would still be a penny-wise-and-pound-foolish policy to limit both the activities and the architectural possibilities of the University for all time, by placing it upon an inadequate and unsuitable site, and, if the Bloomsbury scheme is to stand, both the Government that has offered and the Senate that has accepted such a site will deserve and obtain universal condemnation.

The L.C.C., however, by tightening its pursestrings against the Bloomsbury scheme, has called a halt to the proceedings as far as they are concerned, and surely London University cannot be independent of that great and ever-growing authority. It thus seems as if the whole question were again to be brought under review, and in that event the Thames-side site must have full consideration from the point of view both of the University and of its relation to the amenities and beautifying of London.

Whatever the land may cost, if it is not occupied for some such object as this, it will soon be acquired for commercial building; now what the merchants of London can afford for housing their businesses, London can afford for the University which represents her in the world of education. Here is indeed a fine chance for some of these same merchants to play Mæcenas to the humaner studies of the capital of the Empire.

It is not merely a surmise, but an ascertained fact, that the owners of the Millbank site would be prepared to treat the representatives of the University with more generosity than they would accord to the ordinary commercial buyer. The business man has ever been disposed to treat University professors as "children in finance" who must be protected from their own ignorance of business; and, if the description is not perhaps quite so accurate to-day as when Mr. Cecil Rhodes framed the aphorism, our Universities

may well swallow the implied slur for the sake of the benefits it brings.

The purchase of the Millbank and opposite sites by the University might well be regarded as an investment rather than an extravagance. The erection of suitable buildings and the general completion of the scheme could not be carried through in a day or a year, but would have to be spread over a considerable period, and meanwhile such portions of the estate as were not immediately required for building could be readily let at a rental which would materially help to swell the resources of the University, more especially as the mere initiation of such a scheme would at once tend to raise the value of all surrounding land.

Æsthetically and architecturally there is no comparison between the two sites. Cramped and hemmed in, securely hidden behind the British Museum, surrounded and intersected by tides of traffic, what can the University achieve in Bloomsbury? Millbank, on the other hand, offers the opportunity for a really fine creation, worthy of London's best traditions. The proximity of the University buildings to the river would afford students and professors such approach to quiet as London is capable of giving in these days, and their waterside terraces might provide inspiration for the discussions and meditations of modern philosophers. But it is from the point of view of the spectator, the visitor, that the Thames-side site presents its chief possibilities. With our great and historic river as a foreground, what a chance there is to create a University quarter which will rival in beauty and majesty even the ancient glories of Oxford and Cambridge.

Let us make no mistake; this is a question which goes far beyond the needs of a few hundred students and their teachers. It is a question not merely of whether London will do justice to her University, but whether she will do justice to herself. We cannot afford to let a site so rich in possibilities be developed haphazard, according to the whim of individual necessity; nor can we afford to have a University of London whose situation and conception will need a continual apology from Londoners. Even though it is a poor man's University, it must not be forgotten that it also represents the greatest city in the world.

The objection has been raised that Millbank and Lambeth do not offer the same residential facilities as are afforded by Bloomsbury and the alternative site in Holland Park, and that the full value of University training cannot be obtained unless, as in the older Universities, residence and teaching can be closely allied. But the ample space available on the twin sites under consideration would make it possible to provide for both, even if the claims of the residential quarter were necessarily postponed until the buildings required for teaching and administration were completed. After all, Oxford and Cambridge did not always enjoy the magnificent accommodation they now possess; they too were once poor men's colleges, and their students were content to put up with inconvenience and to "endure hardness" for the sake of the education which they offered.

I have left till the last one other feature which is necessary to the complete fulfilment of the scheme. The fact that the site is divided over both banks of the river calls for a bridge as a connecting link, and in these days of money-shortage one talks with caution and bated breath of the erection of fresh bridges over the Thames. But Lambeth Bridge is already long condemned, and sooner or later, when the inevitable recovery in trade and national finance takes place, it must and will be rebuilt. Why should not this rebuilding form an integral part of the University scheme, to which it would add dignity and from which it would borrow dignity in return?

A comparatively small move southward would enable the new Lambeth Bridge to form a straight connecting link between the eastern and western portions of the proposed University quarter, with perhaps the Senate House forming a magnificent bridgehead at the western end.

But this is a detail which can, and indeed must, wait. What cannot wait is the decision whether we are to sacrifice, for all time, the opportunity of securing a site so well suited to the worthy housing of the University of London, thus adding immeasurably to the beauty, dignity, and architectural amenities of the capital city of our Empire.

Where Their Fire is Not Quenched

By May Sinclair

THERE was nobody in the orchard. Harriott Leigh went out, carefully, through the iron gate into the field. She had made the latch slip into its notch without a sound.

The path slanted widely up the field from the orchard gate to the stile under the elder-tree. George Waring waited for her there.

Years afterwards, when she thought of George Waring she smelt the sweet, hot wine-scent of the elder flowers. Years afterwards, when she smelt elder flowers she saw George Waring, with his beautiful, gentle face, like a poet's or a musician's, his black-blue eyes, and sleek, olive-brown hair. He was a naval lieutenant.

Yesterday he had asked her to marry him and she had consented. But her father hadn't, and she had come to tell him that and say good-bye before he left her. His ship was to sail the next day.

He was eager and excited. He couldn't believe that anything could stop their happiness, that anything he didn't want to happen could happen.

"Well?" he said.

"He's a perfect beast, George. He won't let us. He says we're too young."

"I was twenty last August," he said, aggrieved.

"And I shall be seventeen in September."

"And this is June. We're quite old, really. How long does he mean us to wait?"

"Three years."

"Three years before we can be engaged even—why, we might be dead."

She put her arms round him to make him feel safe. They kissed; and the sweet, hot wine-scent of the elder

flowers mixed with their kisses. They stood, pressed close together, under the elder-tree.

Across the yellow fields of charlock they heard the village clock strike seven. Up in the house a gong clanged.

"Darling, I must go," she said.

"Oh, stay—stay *five* minutes."

He pressed her close. It lasted five minutes, and five more. Then he was running fast down the road to the station, while Harriott went along the field-path, slowly, struggling with her tears.

"He'll be back in three months," she said. "I can live through three months."

But he never came back. There was something wrong with the engines of his ship, the *Alexandra*. Three weeks later she went down in the Mediterranean, and George with her.

Harriott said she didn't care how soon she died now. She was quite sure it would be soon, because she couldn't live without him.

Five years passed.

The two lines of beech-trees stretched on and on, the whole length of the Park, a broad green drive between. When you came to the middle they branched off right and left in the form of a cross, and at the end of the right arm there was a white stucco pavilion with pillars and a three-cornered pediment like a Greek temple. At the end of the left arm, the west entrance to the Park, were double gates and a side door.

Harriott, on her stone seat at the back of the pavilion, could see Stephen Philpotts the very minute he came through the side door.

He had asked her to wait for him there. It was the place he always chose to read his poems aloud in. The poems were a pretext. She knew what he was going to say. And she knew what she would answer.

There were elder-bushes in flower at the back of the pavilion, and Harriott thought of George Waring. She told herself that George was nearer to her now than he could ever have been, living. If she married Stephen she would not be unfaithful, because she loved him with another part of herself. It was not as though Stephen were taking

George's place. She loved Stephen with her soul, in an unearthly way.

But her body quivered like a stretched wire when the door opened and the young man came towards her down the drive under the beech-trees.

She loved him; she loved his slenderness, his darkness and sallow whiteness, his black eyes lighting up with the intellectual flame, the way his black hair swept back from his forehead, the way he walked, tip-toe, as if his feet were lifted with wings.

He sat down beside her. She could see his hands tremble. She felt that her moment was coming; it had come.

"I wanted to see you alone because there's something I must say to you. I don't quite know how to begin . . ."

Her lips parted. She panted lightly.

"You've heard me speak of Sybill Foster?"

Her voice came stammering, "N-no, Stephen. Did you?"

"Well, I didn't mean to, till I knew it was all right. I only heard yesterday."

"Heard what?"

"Why, that she'll have me. Oh, Harriott—do you know what it's like to be terribly happy?"

She knew. She had known just now, the moment before he told her. She sat there, stone-cold and stiff, listening to his raptures; listening to her own voice saying she was glad.

Ten years passed.

Harriott Leigh sat waiting in the drawing-room of a small house in Maida Vale. She had lived there ever since her father's death two years before.

She was restless. She kept on looking at the clock to see if it was four, the hour that Oscar Wade had appointed. She was not sure that he would come, after she had sent him away yesterday.

She now asked herself, why, when she had sent him away yesterday, she had let him come to-day. Her motives were not altogether clear. If she really meant what she had said, then she oughtn't to let him come to her again. Never again.

She had shown him plainly what she meant. She could see herself, sitting very straight in her chair, uplifted by a passionate integrity, while he stood before her, hanging his head, ashamed and beaten; she could feel again the throb in her voice as she kept on saying that she couldn't, she couldn't; he must see that she couldn't; that no, nothing would make her change her mind; she couldn't forget he had a wife; that he must think of Muriel.

To which he had answered savagely, "I needn't. That's all over. We only live together for the look of the thing."

And she, serenely, with great dignity, "And for the look of the thing, Oscar, we must leave off seeing each other. Please go."

"Do you mean it?"

"Yes. We must never see each other again."

And he had gone then, ashamed and beaten.

She could see him, squaring his broad shoulders to meet the blow. And she was sorry for him. She told herself she had been unnecessarily hard. Why shouldn't they see each other again, now he understood where they must draw the line? Until yesterday the line had never been very clearly drawn. To-day she meant to ask him to forget what he had said to her. Once it was forgotten they could go on being friends as if nothing had happened.

It was four o'clock. Half-past. Five. She had finished tea and given him up when, between the half-hour and six o'clock, he came.

He came as he had come a dozen times, with his measured, deliberate, thoughtful tread, carrying himself well braced, with a sort of held-in arrogance, his great shoulders heaving. He was a man of about forty, broad and tall, lean-flanked and short-necked, his straight, handsome features showing small and even in the big square face and in the flush that swamped it. The close-clipped reddish-brown moustache bristled forwards from the pushed-out upper lip. His small, flat eyes shone, reddish-brown, eager and animal.

She liked to think of him when he was not there, but always at the first sight of him she felt a slight shock. Physically, he was very far from her admired ideal. So different from George Waring and Stephen Philpotts.

He sat down, facing her.

There was an embarrassed silence, broken by Oscar Wade.

"Well, Harriott, you said I could come." He seemed to be throwing the responsibility on her.

"So I suppose you've forgiven me," he said.

"Oh, yes, Oscar, I've forgiven you."

He said she'd better show it by coming to dine with him somewhere that evening.

She could give no reason to herself for going. She simply went.

He took her to a restaurant in Soho. Oscar Wade dined well, even extravagantly, giving each dish its importance. She liked his extravagance. He had none of the mean virtues.

It was over. His flushed, embarrassed silence told her what he was thinking. But when he had seen her home he left her at her garden gate. He had thought better of it.

She was not sure whether she were glad or sorry. She had had her moment of righteous exaltation and she had enjoyed it. But there was no joy in the weeks that followed it. She had given up Oscar Wade because she didn't want him very much; and now she wanted him furiously, perversely, because she had given him up. Though he had no resemblance to her ideal, she couldn't live without him.

She dined with him again and again, till she knew Schnebler's Restaurant by heart, the white panelled walls picked out with gold; the white pillars, and the curling gold fronds of their capitals; the Turkey carpets, blue and crimson, soft under her feet; the thick crimson velvet cushions that clung to her skirts; the glitter of silver and glass on the innumerable white circles of the tables. And the faces of the diners, red, white, pink, brown, grey and sallow, distorted and excited; the curled mouths that twisted as they ate; the convoluted electric bulbs pointing, pointing down at them, under the red, crinkled shades. All shimmering in a thick air that the red light stained as wine stains water.

And Oscar's face, flushed with his dinner. Always, when he leaned back from the table and brooded in silence, she knew what he was thinking. His heavy eyelids would

lift; she would find his eyes fixed on hers, wondering, considering.

She knew now what the end would be. She thought of George Waring, and Stephen Philpotts, and of her life, cheated. She hadn't chosen Oscar, she hadn't really wanted him; but now he had forced himself on her she couldn't afford to let him go. Since George died no man had loved her, no other man ever would. And she was sorry for him when she thought of him going from her, beaten and ashamed.

She was certain, before he was, of the end. Only she didn't know when and where and how it would come. That was what Oscar knew.

It came at the close of one of their evenings when they had dined in a private sitting-room. He said he couldn't stand the heat and noise of the public restaurant.

She went before him, up a steep, red-carpeted stair to a white door on the second landing.

From time to time they repeated the furtive, hidden adventure. Sometimes she met him in the room above Schnebler's. Sometimes, when her maid was out, she received him at her house in Maida Vale. But that was dangerous, not to be risked too often.

Oscar declared himself unspeakably happy. Harriott was not quite sure. This was love, the thing she had never had, that she had dreamed of, hungered and thirsted for; but now she had it she was not satisfied. Always she looked for something just beyond it, some mystic, heavenly rapture, always beginning to come, that never came. There was something about Oscar that repelled her. But because she had taken him for her lover, she couldn't bring herself to admit that it was a certain coarseness. She looked another way and pretended it wasn't there. To justify herself, she fixed her mind on his good qualities, his generosity, his strength, the way he had built up his engineering business. She made him take her over his works and show her his great dynamos. She made him lend her the books he read. But always, when she tried to talk to him, he let her see that *that* wasn't what she was there for.

"My dear girl, we haven't time," he said. "It's waste of our priceless moments."

She persisted. "There's something wrong about it all if we can't talk to each other."

He was irritated. "Women never seem to consider that a man can get all the talk he wants from other men. What's wrong is our meeting in this unsatisfactory way. We ought to live together. It's the only sane thing. I would, only I don't want to break up Muriel's home and make her miserable."

"I thought you said she wouldn't care."

"My dear, she cares for her home and her position and the children. You forget the children."

Yes. She had forgotten the children. She had forgotten Muriel. She had left off thinking of Oscar as a man with a wife and children and a home.

He had a plan. His mother-in-law was coming to stay with Muriel in October and he would get away. He would go to Paris, and Harriott should come to him there. He could say he went on business. No need to lie about it; he *had* business in Paris.

He engaged rooms in an hotel in the Rue de Rivoli. They spent two weeks there.

For three days Oscar was madly in love with Harriott and Harriott with him. As she lay awake she would turn on the light and look at him as he slept at her side. Sleep made him beautiful and innocent, it laid a fine smooth tissue over his coarseness; it made his mouth gentle; it entirely hid his eyes.

In six days reaction had set in. At the end of the tenth day Harriott, returning with Oscar from Montmartre, burst into a fit of crying. When questioned she answered wildly that the Hôtel Saint Pierre was too hideously ugly; it was getting on her nerves. Mercifully, Oscar explained her state as fatigue following excitement. She tried hard to believe that she was miserable because her love was purer and more spiritual than Oscar's; but all the time she knew perfectly well she had cried from pure boredom. She was in love with Oscar and Oscar bored her. Oscar was in love with her and she bored him. At close quarters, day in and day out, each was revealed to the other as an incredible bore.

At the end of the second week she began to doubt whether she had ever been really in love with him.

Her passion returned for a little while after they got back to London. Freed from the unnatural strain which Paris had put on them, they persuaded themselves that their romantic temperaments were better fitted to the old life of casual adventure.

Then, gradually, the sense of danger began to wake in them. They lived in perpetual fear, face to face with all the chances of discovery. They tormented themselves and each other by imagining possibilities that they would never have considered in their first fine moments. It was as if they were beginning to ask themselves if it were, after all, worth while running such awful risks, for all they got out of it. Oscar still swore that if he had been free he would have married her.

He pointed out that his intentions, at any rate, were regular. But she asked herself: Would I marry *him*? Marriage would be the Hôtel Saint Pierre all over again, without any possibility of escape. But, if she wouldn't marry him, was she in love with him? That was the test. Perhaps it was a good thing he wasn't free. Then she told herself that these doubts were morbid, and that the question wouldn't arise.

One evening Oscar called to see her. He had come to tell her that Muriel was ill.

"Seriously ill?"

"I'm afraid so. It's pleurisy. May turn to pneumonia. We shall know one way or another in the next few days."

A terrible fear seized upon Harriott. Muriel might die of her pleurisy; and if Muriel died, she would have to marry Oscar. He was looking at her queerly, as if he knew what she was thinking, and she could see that the same thought had occurred to him and that he was frightened too.

Muriel got well again; but their danger had enlightened them. Muriel's life was now inconceivably precious to them both; she stood between them and that permanent union which they dreaded, and yet would not have the courage to refuse.

After enlightenment the rupture.

It came from Oscar, one evening when he sat with her in her drawing-room.

"Harriott," he said, "do you know I'm thinking seriously of settling down?"

"How do you mean, settling down?"

"Patching it up with Muriel, poor girl. . . . Has it never occurred to you that this little affair of ours can't go on for ever?"

"You don't want it to go on?"

"I don't want to have any humbug about it. For God's sake, let's be straight. If it's done, it's done. Let's end it decently."

"I see. You want to get rid of me."

"That's a beastly way of putting it."

"Is there any way that isn't beastly? The whole thing's beastly. I should have thought you'd have stuck to it now you've made it what you wanted. When I haven't an ideal, I haven't a single illusion, when you've destroyed everything you didn't want."

"What didn't I want?"

"The clean, beautiful part of it. The part *I* wanted."

"My part at least was real. It was cleaner and more beautiful than all that putrid stuff you wrapped it up in. You were a hypocrite, Harriott, and I wasn't. You're a hypocrite now if you say you weren't happy with me."

"I was never really happy. Never for one moment. There was always something I missed. Something you didn't give me. Perhaps you couldn't."

"No. I wasn't spiritual enough," he sneered.

"You were not. And you made me what you were."

"Oh, I noticed that you were always very spiritual *after* you'd got what you wanted."

"What I wanted?" she cried. "Oh, my God!"

"If you ever knew what you wanted."

"What—I—wanted," she repeated, drawing out her bitterness.

"Come," he said, "why not be honest? Face facts. I was awfully gone on you. You were awfully gone on me—once. We got tired of each other and it's over. But at least you might own we had a good time while it lasted."

"A good time?"

"Good enough for me."

"For you, because for you love only means one thing. Everything that's high and noble in it you dragged down

to that. Till there's nothing left for us but that. *That's* what you made of love."

Twenty years passed.

It was Oscar who died first, three years after the rupture. He did it suddenly one evening, falling down in a fit of apoplexy.

His death was an immense relief to Harriott. Perfect security had been impossible as long as he was alive. But now there wasn't a living soul who knew her secret.

Still, in the first moment of shock Harriott told herself that Oscar dead would be nearer to her than ever. She forgot how little she had wanted him to be near her, alive. And long before the twenty years had passed she had contrived to persuade herself that he had never been near to her at all. It was incredible that she had ever known such a person as Oscar Wade. As for their affair, she couldn't think of Harriott Leigh as the sort of woman to whom such a thing could happen. Schnebler's and the Hôtel Saint Pierre ceased to figure among prominent images of her past. Her memories, if she had allowed herself to remember, would have clashed disagreeably with the reputation for sanctity which she had now acquired.

For Harriott at fifty-two was the friend and helper of the Reverend Clement Farmer, Vicar of St. Mary the Virgin's, Maida Vale. She worked as a deaconess in his parish, wearing the uniform of a deaconess, the semi-religious gown, the cloak, the bonnet and veil, the cross and rosary, the holy smile. She was also secretary to the Maida Vale and Kilburn Home for Fallen Girls.

Her moments of excitement came when Clement Farmer, the lean, austere likeness of Stephen Philpotts, in his cassock and lace-bordered surplice, issued from the vestry, when he mounted the pulpit, when he stood before the altar rails and lifted up his arms in the Benediction; her moments of ecstasy when she received the Sacrament from his hands. And she had moments of calm happiness when his study door closed on their communion. All these moments were saturated with a solemn holiness.

And they were insignificant compared with the moment of her dying.

She lay dozing in her white bed under the black crucifix

with the ivory Christ. The basins and medicine bottles had been cleared from the table by her pillow; it was spread for the last rites. The priest moved quietly about the room, arranging the candles, the Prayer Book and the Holy Sacrament. Then he drew a chair to her bedside and watched with her, waiting for her to come up out of her doze.

She woke suddenly. Her eyes were fixed upon him. She had a flash of lucidity. She was dying, and her dying made her supremely important to Clement Farmer.

"Are you ready?" he asked.

"Not yet. I think I'm afraid. Make me not afraid."

He rose and lit the two candles on the altar. He took down the crucifix from the wall and stood it against the foot-rail of the bed.

She sighed. That was not what she had wanted.

"You will not be afraid now," he said.

"I'm not afraid of the hereafter. I suppose you get used to it. Only it may be terrible just at first."

"Our first state will depend very much on what we are thinking of at our last hour."

"There'll be my—confession," she said.

"And after it you will receive the Sacrament. Then you will have your mind fixed firmly upon God and your Redeemer. . . . Do you feel able to make your confession now, Sister? Everything is ready."

Her mind went back over her past and found Oscar Wade there. She wondered: Should she confess to him about Oscar Wade? One moment she thought it was possible; the next she knew that she couldn't. She could not. It wasn't necessary. For twenty years he had not been part of her life. No. She wouldn't confess about Oscar Wade. She had been guilty of other sins.

She made a careful selection.

"I have cared too much for the beauty of this world. . . . I have failed in charity to my poor girls. Because of my intense repugnance to their sin. . . . I have thought, often, about—people I love, when I should have been thinking about God."

After that she received the Sacrament.

"Now," he said, "there is nothing to be afraid of."

"I won't be afraid if—if you would hold my hand."

He held it. And she lay still a long time, with her eyes shut. Then he heard her murmuring something. He stooped close.

"This—is—dying. I thought it would be horrible. And it's bliss. . . . Bliss."

The priest's hand slackened, as if at the bidding of some wonder. She gave a weak cry.

"Oh—don't let me go."

His grasp tightened.

"Try," he said, "to think about God. Keep on looking at the crucifix."

"If I look," she whispered, "you won't let go my hand?"

"I will not let you go."

He held it till it was wrenched from him in the last agony.

She lingered for some hours in the room where these things had happened.

Its aspect was familiar and yet unfamiliar and slightly repugnant to her. The altar, the crucifix, the lighted candles, suggested some tremendous and awful experience the details of which she was not able to recall. She seemed to remember that they had been connected in some way with the sheeted body on the bed; but the nature of the connection was not clear, and she did not associate the dead body with herself. When the nurse came in and laid it out, she saw that it was the body of a middle-aged woman. Her own living body was that of a young woman of about thirty-two.

Her mind had no past and no future, no sharp-edged, coherent memories, and no idea of anything to be done next.

Then, suddenly, the room began to come apart before her eyes, to split into shafts of floor and furniture and ceiling that shifted and were thrown by their commotion into different planes. They leaned slanting at every possible angle; they crossed and overlaid each other with a transparent mingling of dislocated perspectives, like reflections fallen on an interior seen behind glass.

The bed and the sheeted body slid away somewhere out of sight. She was standing by the door that still remained in position.

She opened it and found herself in the street, outside a building of yellowish-grey brick and freestone, with a tall slated spire. Her mind came together with a palpable click of recognition. This object was the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Maida Vale. She could hear the droning of the organ. She opened the door and slipped in.

She had gone back into a definite space and time and recovered a certain limited section of coherent memory. She remembered the rows of pitch-pine benches, with their Gothic peaks and mouldings; the stone-coloured walls and pillars with their chocolate stencilling; the hanging rings of lights along the aisles of the nave; the high altar with its lighted candles, and the polished brass cross, twinkling. These things were somehow permanent and real, adjusted to the image that now took possession of her.

She knew what she had come there for. The service was over. The choir had gone from the chancel; the sacristan moved before the altar putting out the candles. She walked up the middle aisle to a seat that she knew under the pulpit. She knelt down and covered her face with her hands. Peeping sideways through her fingers, she could see the door of the vestry on her left at the end of the north aisle. She watched it steadily.

Up in the organ loft the organist drew out the Recessional, slowly and softly, to its end in the two solemn, vibrating chords.

The vestry door opened and Clement Farmer came out, dressed in his black cassock. He passed before her, close, close, outside the bench where she knelt. He paused at the opening. He was waiting for her. There was something he had to say.

She stood up and went towards him. He still waited. He didn't move to make way for her. She came close, closer than she had ever come to him, so close that his features grew indistinct. She bent her head back, peering, short-sightedly, and found herself looking into Oscar Wade's face.

He stood still, horribly still, and close, barring her passage.

She drew back; his heaving shoulders followed her. He leaned forward, covering her with his eyes. She opened her mouth to scream and no sound came.

She was afraid to move lest he should move with her. The heaving of his shoulders terrified her.

One by one the lights in the side aisles were going out. The lights in the middle aisle would go next. They had gone. If she didn't get away she would be shut up with him there in the appalling darkness.

She turned and moved towards the north aisle, groping, steadying herself by the book ledge.

When she looked back Oscar Wade was not there.

Then she remembered that Oscar Wade was dead. Therefore what she had seen was not Oscar; it was his ghost. He was dead; dead seventeen years ago. She was safe from him for ever.

When she came out on to the steps of the church she saw that the road it stood in had changed. It was not the road she remembered. The pavement on this side was raised slightly and covered in. It ran under a succession of arches. It was a long gallery walled with glittering shop windows on one side; on the other a line of tall grey columns divided it from the street.

She was going along the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli. Ahead of her she could see the edge of an immense grey pillar jutting out. That was the porch of the Hôtel Saint Pierre. The revolving glass doors swung forward to receive her; she crossed the grey, sultry vestibule under the pillared arches. She knew it. She knew the porter's shining, wine-coloured mahogany pen on her left, and the shining, wine-coloured mahogany barrier of the clerk's bureau on her right; she made straight for the great grey-carpeted staircase; she climbed the endless flights that turned round and round the caged-in shaft of the well, past the latticed doors of the lift, and came up on to a landing that she knew, and into the long, ash-grey, foreign corridor lit by a dull window at one end.

It was there that the horror of the place came on her. She had no longer any memory of St. Mary's Church, so that she was unaware of her backward course through time. All space and time were here.

She remembered she had to go to the left, the left.

But there was something there; where the corridor

turned by the window; at the end of all the corridors. If she went the other way she would escape it.

The corridor stopped there. A blank wall. She was driven back past the stairhead to the left.

At the corner, by the window, she turned down another long ash-grey corridor on her right, and to the right again where the night-light sputtered on the table-flap at the turn.

This third corridor was dark and secret and depraved. She knew the soiled walls and the warped door at the end. There was a sharp-pointed streak of light at the top. She could see the number on it now, 107.

Something had happened there. If she went in, it would happen again.

Oscar Wade was in the room waiting for her behind the closed door. She felt him moving about in there. She leaned forward, her ear to the key-hole, and listened. She could hear the measured, deliberate, thoughtful footsteps. They were coming from the bed to the door.

She turned and ran; her knees gave way under her; she sank and ran on, down the long grey corridors and the stairs, quick and blind, a hunted beast seeking for cover, hearing his feet coming after her.

The revolving doors caught her and pushed her out into the street.

The strange quality of her state was this, that it had no time. She remembered dimly that there had once been a thing called time; but she had forgotten altogether what it was like. She was aware of things happening and about to happen; she fixed them by the place they occupied, and measured their duration by the space she went through.

So now she thought: If I could only go back and get to the place where it hadn't happened.

To get back farther——

She was walking now on a white road that went between broad grass borders. To the right and left were the long raking lines of the hills, curve after curve, shimmering in a thin mist.

The road dropped to the green valley. It mounted the humped bridge over the river. Beyond it she saw the twin gables of the grey house pricked up over the high grey

garden wall. The tall iron gate stood in front of it between the ball-topped stone pillars.

And now she was in a large, low-ceilinged room with drawn blinds. She was standing before the wide double bed. It was her father's bed. The dead body, stretched out in the middle under the drawn white sheet, was her father's body.

The outline of the sheet sank from the peak of the up-turned toes to the shin-bone, and from the high bridge of the nose to the chin.

She lifted the sheet and folded it back across the breast of the dead man. The face she saw then was Oscar Wade's face, stilled and smoothed in the innocence of sleep, the supreme innocence of death. She stared at it, fascinated, in a cold, pitiless joy.

Oscar was dead.

She remembered how he used to lie like that beside her in the room in the Hôtel Saint Pierre, on his back with his hands folded on his waist, his mouth half-open, his big chest rising and falling. If he was dead, it would never happen again. She would be safe.

The dead face frightened her, and she was about to cover it up again when she was aware of a light heaving, a rhythmical rise and fall. As she drew the sheet up tighter, the hands under it began to struggle convulsively, the broad ends of the fingers appeared above the edge, clutching it to keep it down. The mouth opened; the eyes opened; the whole face stared back at her in a look of agony and horror.

Then the body drew itself forwards from the hips and sat up, its eyes peering into her eyes; he and she remained for an instant motionless, each held there by the other's fear.

Suddenly she broke away, turned and ran, out of the room, out of the house.

She stood at the gate, looking up and down the road, not knowing by which way she must go to escape Oscar. To the right, over the bridge, and up the hill and across the downs she would come to the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli and the dreadful grey corridors of the hotel. To the left the road went through the village.

If she could get further back she would be safe, out of

Oscar's reach. Standing by her father's death-bed, she had been young, but not young enough. She must get back to the place where she was younger still, to the Park and the green drive under the beech-trees and the white pavilion at the cross. She knew how to find it. At the end of the village the high road ran right and left, east and west, under the Park walls; the south gate stood there at the top, looking down the narrow street.

She ran towards it through the village, past the long grey barns of Goodyer's farm, past the grocer's shop, past the yellow front and blue sign of the Queen's Head, past the post office, with its one black window blinking under its vine, past the church and the yew-trees in the churchyard, to where the south gate made a delicate black pattern on the green grass.

These things appeared insubstantial, drawn back behind a sheet of air that shimmered over them like thin glass. They opened out, floated past and away from her; and instead of the high road and park walls she saw a London street of dingy white façades, and instead of the south gate the swinging glass doors of Schnebler's Restaurant.

The glass doors swung open and she passed into the restaurant. The scene beat on her with the hard impact of reality: the white and gold panels, the white pillars and their curling gold capitals, the white circles of the tables, glittering, the flushed faces of the diners, moving mechanically.

She was driven forward by some irresistible compulsion to a table in the corner, where a man sat alone. The table napkin he was using hid his mouth, and jaw, and chest; and she was not sure of the upper part of the face above the straight-drawn edge. It dropped, and she saw Oscar Wade's face. She came to him, dragged, without power to resist; she sat down beside him, and he leaned to her over the table; she could feel the warmth of his red, congested face; the smell of wine floated towards her on his thick whisper.

"I knew you would come."

She ate and drank with him in silence, nibbling and sipping slowly, staving off the abominable moment it would end in.

At last they got up and faced each other. His long bulk stood before her, above her; she could almost feel the vibration of its power.

"Come," he said, "come."

And she went before him, slowly, slipping out through the maze of the tables, hearing behind her Oscar's measured, deliberate, thoughtful tread. The steep, red-carpeted staircase rose up before her.

She swerved from it, but he turned her back.

"You know the way," he said.

At the top of the flight she found the white door of the room she knew. She knew the long windows guarded by drawn muslin blinds; the gilt looking-glass over the chimney-piece that reflected Oscar's head and shoulders grotesquely, between two white porcelain babies with bulbous limbs and garlanded loins, she knew the sprawling stain on the drab carpet by the table, the shabby, infamous couch behind the screen.

They moved about the room, turning and turning in it like beasts in a cage, uneasy, inimical, avoiding each other.

At last they stood still, he at the window, she at the door, the length of the room between.

"It's no good your getting away like that," he said. "There couldn't be any other end to it—to what we did."

"But that *was* ended."

"Ended there, but not here."

"Ended for ever. We've done with it for ever."

"We haven't. We've got to begin again. And go on. And go on."

"Oh, no. No. Anything but that."

"There isn't anything else."

"We can't. We can't. Don't you remember how it bored us?"

"Remember? Do you suppose I'd touch you if I could help it? . . . That's what we're here for. We must. We must."

"No. No. I shall get away—now."

She turned to the door to open it.

"You can't," he said. "The door's locked."

"Oscar—what did you do that for?"

"We always did it. Don't you remember?"

She turned to the door again and shook it; she beat on it with her hands.

"It's no use, Harriott. If you got out now you'd only have to come back again. You might stave it off for an hour or so, but what's that in an immortality?"

"Immortality?"

"That's what we're in for."

"Time enough to talk about immortality when we're dead. . . . Ah——"

They were being drawn towards each other across the room, moving slowly, like figures in some monstrous and appalling dance, their heads thrown back over their shoulders, their faces turned from the horrible approach. Their arms rose slowly, heavy with intolerable reluctance; they stretched them out towards each other, aching as if they held up an overpowering weight. Their feet dragged and were drawn.

Suddenly her knees sank under her; she shut her eyes; all her being went down before him in darkness and terror.

It was over. She had got away, she was going back, back, to the green drive of the Park, between the beech-trees, where Oscar had never been, where he would never find her. When she passed through the south gate her memory became suddenly young and clean. She forgot the Rue de Rivoli and the Hôtel Saint Pierre; she forgot Schnebler's Restaurant and the room at the top of the stairs. She was back in her youth. She was Harriott Leigh going to wait for Stephen Philpotts in the pavilion opposite the west gate. She could feel herself, a slender figure moving fast over the grass between the lines of the great beech-trees. The freshness of her youth was upon her.

She came to the heart of the drive, where it branched right and left in the form of a cross. At the end of the right arm the white Greek temple, with its pediment and pillars, gleamed against the wood.

She was sitting on their seat at the back of the pavilion, watching the side door that Stephen would come in by.

The door was pushed open; he came towards her, light and young, skimming between the beech-trees with his

eager, tip-toeing stride. She rose up to meet him. She gave a cry.

"Stephen!"

It had been Stephen. She had seen him coming. But the man who stood before her between the pillars of the pavilion was Oscar Wade.

And now she was walking along the field-path that slanted from the orchard door to the stile; further and further back, to where young George Waring waited for her under the elder-tree. The smell of the elder flowers came to her over the field. She could feel on her lips and in all her body the sweet, innocent excitement of her youth.

"George, oh, George!"

As she went along the field-path she had seen him. But the man who stood waiting for her under the elder-tree was Oscar Wade.

"I told you it's no use getting away, Harriott. Every path brings you back to me. You'll find me at every turn."

"But how did you get *here*?"

"As I got into the pavilion. As I got into your father's room, on to his death-bed. Because I *was* there. I am in all your memories."

"My memories are innocent. How could you take my father's place, and Stephen's, and George Waring's? You?"

"Because I did take them."

"Never. My love for *them* was innocent."

"Your love for me was part of it. You think the past affects the future. Has it never struck you that the future may affect the past? In your innocence there was the beginning of your sin. You *were* what you *were to be*."

"I shall get away," she said.

"And this time I shall go with you."

The stile, the elder-tree, and the field floated away from her. She was going under the beech-trees down the park drive towards the south gate and the village, slinking close to the right-hand row of trees. She was aware that Oscar Wade was going with her under the left-hand row, keeping even with her, step by step, and tree by tree. And presently there was grey pavement under her feet and a row of grey pillars on her right hand. They were walking side by side down the Rue de Rivoli towards the hotel.

They were sitting together now on the edge of the dingy white bed. Their arms hung by their sides, heavy and limp, their heads drooped, averted. Their passion weighed on them with the unbearable, unescapable boredom of immortality.

"Oscar—how long will it last?"

"I can't tell you. I don't know whether *this* is one moment of eternity, or the eternity of one moment."

"It must end some time," she said. "Life doesn't go on for ever. We shall die."

"Die? We *have* died. Don't you know what this is? Don't you know where you are? This is death. We're dead, Harriott. We're in hell."

"Yes. There can't be anything worse than this."

"This isn't the worst. We're not quite dead yet, as long as we've life in us to turn and run and get away from each other; as long as we can escape into our memories. But when you've got back to the farthest memory of all and there's nothing beyond it—when there's no memory but this——

"In the last hell we shall not run away any longer; we shall find no more roads, no more passages, no more open doors. We shall have no need to look for each other.

"In the last death we shall be shut up in this room, behind that locked door, together. We shall lie here together, for ever and ever, joined so fast that even God can't put us asunder. We shall be one flesh and one spirit, one sin repeated for ever and ever; spirit loathing flesh, flesh loathing spirit; you and I loathing each other."

"Why, why?" she cried.

"Because that's all that's left us. That's what you made of love."

The darkness came down swamping; it blotted out the room. She was walking along a garden-path between high borders of phlox and larkspur and lupin. They were taller than she was, their flowers swayed and nodded above her head. She tugged at the tall stems and had no strength to break them. She was a little thing.

She said to herself then that she was safe. She had gone back so far that she was a child again; she had the blank innocence of childhood. To be a child, to go small

under the heads of the lupins, to be blank and innocent, without memory, was to be safe.

The walk led her out through a yew hedge on to a bright green lawn. In the middle of the lawn there was a shallow round pond in a ring of rockery cushioned with small flowers, yellow and white and purple. Goldfish swam in the olive-brown water. She would be safe when she saw the goldfish swimming towards her. The old one with the white scales would come up first, pushing up his nose, making bubbles in the water.

At the bottom of the lawn there was a privet hedge cut by a broad path that went through the orchard. She knew what she would find there; her mother was in the orchard. She would lift her up in her arms to play with the hard, red balls of the apples that hung from the tree. She had got back to the farthest memory of all; there was nothing beyond it.

There would be an iron gate in the wall of the orchard. It would lead into a field.

Something was different here, something that frightened her. An ash-grey door instead of an iron gate.

She pushed it open and came into the last corridor of the Hôtel Saint Pierre.

Five Model Men

By Horus.

(1) The Editor of "The Times."

As men seek to reacquire the habits of peace, we search stumblingly for our lost foot-rule. So many values and sheet-anchors have gone, shot away in the long madness of war. Our tables seem no longer exact, or somehow no longer to apply. It is as if we had lost our way. There is no authority, no balance, no rhythm of continuity. Almost our sanity would appear at stake. To restore healthy growth, clearly we must recover and reinstate our lost values. Confidence in the nation's props and pillars must be re-established.

In these articles, "Five Model Men," an attempt is made to re-estimate certain central positions, taking into due account the changes and modifications arising out of the war and the new social and mal-economic conditions. Foremost among these stands to-day the Fourth Estate, and foremost of this in our country stands the great national organ, *The Times*, the beacon of informed opinion. The first "model" man is thus the editor of our premier newspaper.

At once we discern the process of evolution. In the old days the editor of a newspaper was the thing. To-day that honour, with a title, has passed to the proprietor. It is a significant and symptomatic change, for it strikes at the foundations of the old values governing the style, direction, and purport of a newspaper. When we think of the old *Times*, we associate it with the name of its great editor, Delane—the largest shareholder in his time hardly mattered; but this is no longer the case. We think of papers to-day in values of syndicates, of titles, of money. It is the owner we know, the turnover we applaud, the editor plays the viola. The change is momentous. The old Baron of feudalism has become the modern baron of

Fleet Street; his is the preferment, the power and the kudos. For the new value is commercialism. The impersonal loss is great. The intangible quality of newspapers has gone, as their tangible scope and power have increased with the growth of literate consumption. In a word, business has displaced the man.

This displacement of value is observable also politically. Behind the statesman loom the financier and the potentate of industry, but the control is not so marked, certainly not outwardly, in politics as in journalism, for the newspaper proprietor is a merchant. The difference between the old, perhaps rather wooden, editor of commercialism has brought about somewhat paradoxical modifications. Loss of individualism has sweetened newspaper views (see the venom in the old newspapers), the gain to the public is more than doubtful, for the motive is no longer impersonal. In business a man is advised to hold his tongue. The advice is applied to the modern newspaper whose concern is its advertising "draw." Lost causes, principle, unpopularity, unbiassed affirmation —these are to-day precepts to be avoided, and the chief policy is news. The advertiser is a little afraid of the views-man, he understands the news-man. With the growth of the newspaper appeal the standard inevitably falls in keeping with the capacity of the aggregate. And now the temporary break-up of party politics has unhorsed the old political editor, in harmony with the age, so that we may truly say that leading opinion is tentative in the great dailies; it has fled with its full orchestra of principle and book, to the weeklies, monthlies, etc., submerged, neglected as such by the advertiser. We have this curious condition. The greater a paper the less is its intellectual quality, and often the less its political power, as we have seen again and again. Necessarily so. A popular paper with a huge circulation implies a popular, *i.e.*, a low-grade sanction; the opinion is what the public wants (it was Lord Northcliffe's peculiar genius that enabled him so often to impose his own views upon a ductile and unthoughtful public).

It is here that *The Times* should differ from all other newspapers. Its position in the world has been, and still is, unique. The possession of such a platform is a

national asset, of such importance, in fact, that to the nation the paper ranks before the controller, whether editor, syndicate, or proprietor. *The Times* is in substance the political expression of our culture.

None the less the new conditions must be faced, and we are not likely to see the control of that organ vested in the personality of its editor; our hope lies rather in the combination of the creative editorial qualities with the high-minded impersonalism of proprietorship. We must look, therefore, to a hyphenated solution—the ideal editor-proprietor. Lord Northcliffe had some such scheme in his mind, which may yet fructify. At any rate few men would dispute the desirability of a *Times* once more splendidly detached, impartial, judicial, national, intelligently leading and constructing opinion.

What is the qualification of the model editor-proprietor? The answer, of course, is principle. If *The Times* is to be the platform of the national interest, its direction must be based upon principle. It should stand between and above party politics. Its views should be relative to the truthfulness, so far as is humanly obtainable, of its news. Its judgment should be unswervingly impartial, though this, we know, is a counsel of perfection harder than ever to realise in these days of flux and chaos; nor can *The Times* be restored as the palladium of the Cromwellian or country gentleman flattened between the forces of capital and labour and the economics of war. To-day new principles are needed, and perhaps the only one that we may regard as directly realisable is that referring to the truthfulness of news with its consequential fair and equitable presentation of views, which surely is an urgent want. Only principle can hope to hew a sure path through the thickets encumbering our way, only principle can enable the human mind to stand clear of the passions, hatreds, social, economic, and political conflicts around us, to lead men onward, sanely and constructively, in the nation's interests; and if we can get a *Times* which only relatively conforms to this ideal we shall have real cause for rejoicing. The true exposition of news is thus the basic policy of the model *Times* controller.

Under any Coalition Government the voice of *The*

Times acquires particular significance, for it should not be a Government mouthpiece, and on questions of foreign policy its aim should be consistently informative. This latter was its supreme function. Such a paper is now of absolute importance. One of the main difficulties of Government to-day lies in the war-weariness of the public, its not unnatural cynicism, its revolt from the propaganda regimentation imposed by war, its deep disillusionment. Men not only no longer believe, they don't know what or whom to believe. Here *The Times* has an immense opportunity. Amid the din and buzz of newspaper sensationalism *The Times* needs no such tocsin; it can thus attain to a monopoly like our Free Trade in a world of Protection, which even commercially can hardly fail. Its " thunder " should never be personal, its motive never in doubt. The model editor-proprietor would blunt his axes, eschew personal fray, prescribe with wise mercy. His great trouble will assuredly lie in the velocity and degree of change of our post-war movements and fluctuations.

On questions of labour, of national economics, of foreign policy, of post-war sentiment, of world affairs, *The Times*, as oracle, is placed in a position of extraordinary difficulty, for the very meaning of our beliefs, institutions, and handed-down ideas has changed, and we stand at the end of an epoch. It is no longer possible to think quite in the old way even about such stock subjects as armaments, sex, war, patriotism, or economics, and we are still groping for our Party re-groupings. The temptation to take sides must be almost irresistible. Formerly, *The Times* was the stay of our accepted foundations of belief, of our conservatism, of our reason of state; but these mostly await new definitions. Even God has not escaped. No man, no newspaper, is a safe prophet now. On the shifting sands of our post-war life there is still no design, no star, no sanction of orientation. Civilisation is rocking. We are still at war, and we are experimenters again. The very basis of the capitalist system is in the melting-pot.

Yet that is why men need more than ever a national journal, in particular a sure reference guide. Something to cling to, to swear by, some daily affirmation of the truth of things and of sanity. And this focus is adjust-

able. Theoretically the model editor-proprietor would perhaps aspire no higher. The world's danger is nerves, the loss of perspective, of consistently informed opinion as distinct from the legacy of distorted and distracted opinion consequent on war, of interested and fraudulent auto-suggestion. There should in the Britain of this juncture be at least one central fount of equipoise, the serene corrector of values, as between the autocracy of present-day Government and the neurasthenia of herd invocation. This should be the model *Times* proprietor's task. Not to antagonise, but to steer opinion; not to reform, but to inform; not to judge, but to sum up. Its positive mission is thus negative. This is the tribunal we want. Such is the trusteeship of the model editor.

The power to say "No" is thus one of the needful qualities. He should be able to see above the temptations of the hour, to override the neurosis of war, to stand with Lutheran simplicity for the truth. He should be a man who can take swift decisions: who on such a matter of world importance as Reparation, for instance, would be guided by true economic reasons rather than by political. Perhaps the chief explanation of Europe's signal failure to reach even approximate conditions of peace, to stem the rising flood of bankruptcy, to approach a common equation of statesmanship, is the failure of the Fourth Estate, to-day *facile princeps*, to assume responsibility in times when politicians are the catspaws of their own cries rather than of their reason. The 1918 election is a flagrant example. It returned a purely war parliament almost professedly non-representative of anything save emotion. To the public the effects have been disastrous. Only too often newspapers have not contributed towards a clearing; they have taken the line of least resistance to such good purpose that people have ceased to concern themselves with world affairs, take little or no interest in the causes of the economic conditions threatening the wealth and health of Britain, arguing that politics is a game of insincerity which it is best for them to avoid.

This, of course, is an entirely wrong attitude, but it is due in no small part to a Press which has lost the spirituality of its profession. *The Times* could correct this impression. It could restore the understanding of world

affairs by just and reasoned treatment; it could re-initiate, re-integrate, and in time renovate. As an example, it may well be questioned whether in pre-war days a Government could have made two such incompetent mistakes in statesmanship as those connected with (1) Mesopotamia and (2) the backing of the Greek (new Trojan) horse. The foreign correspondents of our Dailies would have brought too much enlightened pressure for such ill-considered schemes to be possible unknown and unsupported by the public. But to-day all things are possible. The greater the democratic power, the more oligarchical is the Government. Only the Press stands between complete oligarchical autocracy and complete public ignorance, and not the least danger of the existing system is the more or less close relationship, not necessarily by any means of harmony, between those who rule over us and those who control our newspapers. *The Times* should be free from tied influence. It should be spokesman, never sycophant, the Jove and Jason of its profession, the journal to which men and ministers go, not *vice versa*. This was the secret of Delane's power. If *The Times* were to become a Government organ the country would have lost a tradition and a great insurance. Here we have a foot-rule. Let *The Times* insure the people, not individuals. The coupon of *The Times* should be England.

As to the commercial side, that would seem a matter of education. If advertisements are the bulwark and profits of newspapers, it is obvious that on the net-sale ramp an organ of quality is gravely handicapped as against the more popular newspapers, though quite demonstrably this is a false position. All readers of *The Times* may be accounted potential buyers. It follows, therefore, that for all high-class advertisements *The Times* should be a premier medium, and were it not that quality advertisers had been led or bluffed into believing in quantitative platforms, a full 75 per cent. of which must consist of low-power purchasers, if purchasers at all, the financial side of our leading organ should not present much difficulty. And this is the A B C of the question. *The Times*, say, with a 100,000 circulation represents a purchasing power certainly the equivalent to any newspaper with a 1,000,000 net-sale circulation, because without all doubt

fully 75 per cent. of the readers of the popular paper are not quality purchasers at all, and to-day are mostly mere insurance coupon subscribers. The whole thing is a matter of herd psychology, and wants reconsideration. For granted that sales are the "draw," then if *The Daily Herald*, as is quite feasible, attained to a 2,000,000 circulation, advertisers ought to concentrate on that Daily, thus making it the richest paper in the Kingdom. Like wages or reparations, it is a game in numbers—a fiction. It means that quality is by some mysterious force quantitative, which is not the case. Probably one in every thirty *Times* readers might for luck or at a pinch buy an aeroplane, a tank, a rainbow, a pink pearl, a title, or a box of 3*s*. 6*d*. golf balls; of the million paper's readers it is questionable whether more than one in every three hundred could an he would.

They say, in Fleet Street, that the educated classes do not support their own papers, that as the bottom levels up the top levels down, and unfortunately there is considerable truth in this assertion. It is one of our problems, also one of education, and if it is true it means that the educated upper and middle classes are losing their ground, are educationally depreciating, in which case *The Times* is not likely to be a model newspaper. It is, however, difficult to accept this view as decisive. The future of a country lies in its brains, its power to act its thoughts; and unless we are prepared to acquiesce in the doctrine of undiluted pessimism, the notion that Britain with her unexampled potentialities, her responsibilities and matchless past, has lost faith in herself cannot be accepted, however unpromising the outlook may appear to superficial observers. To-day we have need of all our best men, of all the national talents. More than ever we require an intelligent helm. Such should be the incentive of possession, and even if in a commercial world all the men are commercial there is no reason why *The Times* should be unable to be at once solvent and independent, like any other business. On a public share-holding basis, say of £10 shares per holder, this object could undoubtedly be obtained, and such might indeed be the ideal position. But we have not yet despaired of syndicates, and certainly not of proprietors.

If we are to understand whither we are heading, we should at least be able to draw correct conclusions, to form constructive opinions, to appraise the motives and movements of the post-war world, to be able in short to rely. What we need above all is confidence. It is absent because men have lost the feeling of reliance; they do not trust men and their motives now that the papers have become an entertainment. *The Times* as entertainer ceases to command respect. It cannot simply be another paper. Either it leads or the public will lead it. Their concern is the confidence which a model *Times* can inspire.

No other people ever had a newspaper quite like it; that is the point, and if we are to preserve it such must be the consideration governing its direction. It is awfully worth while. Democratic government is palpably failing as the result of the loss of authority consequent on the growth of an appeal which is no longer thoughtful because it is commercial. As a corrective to this haphazard fatalism—it is little else—*The Times* can play a commanding and salving part. It can become the nation's apothecary, its faithful stand-by in all weathers and predicaments. Competition with its fellow organs is unnecessary; it should be the shining example, the incubator of the new purpose. It should encourage, not deflect, the critical attitude; temper, not constrict, the new enthusiasms, hopes and yearnings as they crowd the motley stage of these tremendously thrilling times; it should be the digest or consistory of the new design. Let us emphasise the adjective, for it cannot helpfully be the wholesome drag of pre-war institutionalism, or the ægis of mere conservatism. The day for that is past. We shall stand still at our peril. *The Times* must henceforth be one of the fleetest ships, a radiant, live force. As the class organ of a class which is in so many ways disintegrating, it no longer has a future. If a motto be needed, let it be: neither Whitehall nor Whitechapel. With the vision of Shelley's Demogorgon, so astonishingly the proven prophet of our time, it should be the hope that creates out of its own wreck the thing it contemplates.

The authority of *The Times* rests, like credit, upon confidence, and that is the key of its utility. And because

confidence is an intangible quality, so should be its inspiration. The model editor-proprietor has thus a post of sovereign responsibility. Good temper, good sense, good value—these should be attributes of his organ. Power, in the modern world, has passed into the hands of business and policy has become its plaything. Money thus controls. The presidentiad of *The Times* should be the associate partner both of the plight and of the fortune of the nation, the spring of its sanity, the warden of its measure. Standards are the quintessence of its being. It should be the light and spirit of the age. Above all, *The Times* should serve as a check to the runaway emotionalism of a naturally hysterical time. One can imagine no position more honourable, or probably so interesting. How admirable in these perfervid, piebald days to be neither theorist nor dogmatist, neither prince nor serveling, but just a man, master of his own compass, yet the servant of the collective faith! And how inexpressibly difficult, we may add! Yet in most cases ideals are practical—it is only their novelty that frightens—and if *The Times* cannot succeed as a commercial paper it may well do so as a national one. Under such a flag it can hardly go far astray. The signs are gathering in its favour. Many men want this newspaper. The very world looks for it. Never was there greater need of intelligence, thought, courage, vision, and harmonious resolve. Into the gap the model *Times* can step with quiet confidence. Perhaps the ideal owner would be a myth, himself unapproachable, but this we cannot expect. Yet he can be unassailable, so to speak, in the fortress of his example. What more dare we ask for? No doubt we get *The Times* we deserve. The model owner would see to it that we deserve well of him.

Sir Perseus and the Fair Andromeda (v)

By Robert Nichols

It was in the City of Paris that she murdered him. They had been supporting a difficult living by song and dance. One midnight, returning from a hall, where her beauty had attracted a certain attention, as they stood in a dark alley between walls black and steep as the side of an immense grave, while the moon peered at them over a gargoyle like a hideous yellow Jew above an arm clutching a money-bag, he made certain proposals. . . . .

When he had done, she glanced up and down the alley. At one end a group of scarecrow vagrants gathered about a brazier were warming the thin tongs of their legs; at the other a cat walking on tip-toe, tail in air, promenaded the silvery ruts. . . . She took the jester by the throat. Two moons, brighter than coins of gold, appeared in his bulging eyes. His tongue protruded; his head seemed to sink into his hump; his legs abruptly folded up under him. She ransacked his wallet. Then she threw the body into the fosse under the wall, and, stepping lightly forward, humming one of the songs that had pleased the Amor, proceeded on her way.

She had crossed the mountains. Shepherds, hoary, rosy, and wrinkled as Pan himself, now pointed the path, persuaded that she was Aurora travelling incognito, toward the ravines through which already the spring torrents were whirling chains of bubbles, dancing fir-cones, lotuses of ice. Her cheeks shone; her heart beat. She heard the unseen avalanche fall with a crash among the echoing mountains, and, watching the startled unicorn gallop neighing along the ridges, snatched a catkined branch to dance upon the rime-crisp sward. Further descending, she came in sight of a spinney, before which dryads stood stretching their freed arms to inhale the tingle of the morning air, as

Apollo, upright in his chariot, risen ablaze between gilded peaks, bended his bow to speed his flashing arrow up the height of heaven. Upon the woodside across the glen had come a speckle of green, and among the maze of ash-boles in the copse close at hand stood friths of snowdrops. And there!—what was that?—a sky-blue dot skimmed across the rapids, where sheaves of spray jostled joyfully about the grizzled boulders: a kingfisher, the very soul of spring, darted abroad in dazzling flight. She rounded a scarp—plateau, buttresses, and steeps came into view; beyond them the enormous green mountain of Olympus towered into the clouds, and, above the clouds, hardly discerned among the mists, rose the rainbow-stained, dim form of Jupiter, upon whose helm stood Victory with scintillant plumes outspread against the lucid azure of the topmost sky. Laughter startled her—Oreads emerging from a crevice fled merrily before Panisks long in hiding among the briars. Amid seven circles of crocuses, Iris, her face turned tenderly smiling toward a goldfinch perched shrilling on her shoulder, danced demurely in silent girlish rapture, shaking out her cowslip-coloured smock or shedding with nimble fingers hyacinth and anemone from her nut-brown tresses. Out of the air appeared Mercury, laughing as he poised, tip-toe in stooping flight, to try to touch with his caduceus his shadow racing before him across the turf. Melody of ineffable gravity and sweetness rose to her ears, and, mounting a hillock, she beheld the august Muses with arms uplifted singing in a place apart. Tears burgeoned beneath her lashes.

Perceiving her own loneliness, she pressed on, till at length she came to a pool where sorrowful-eyed narcissi regarded their images in the dimpled mirror. The voice of the naiad was singing to the lonely flowers the legend of the bonny boy enamoured of the shadow of his own perfection . . . and it seemed to her that this tale of useless beauty was the saddest and the oldest tale in the world. She peered over the brink. Below her own lovely image appeared the moony, bloated face of the jester as it had looked up at her from the fosse—or was it only a mottled stone compassed by wavering water-fronds? Twilight was falling. She grew uneasy. Why should the ugliness, hardly noticed at the crisis, trouble her now?

" He said he wanted to see the South," she murmured. And, as is natural when the thought of one lover revives in the mind, that thought is followed by the thought of another, with her of Sir Lancelot. Did she yet love him? or was it only a precious memory of the Captain of the Guard?

" Are our first loves then our last? " she wondered. " All subsequent loves being but echoes, or, if not echoes, the mere love of loving? " And she began to institute comparisons, till it occurred to her to ponder whether any stone had been set up to mark the grave of the Monster. . . .

" I might as well go and see," she concluded. " Sir Lancelot can't know : it won't do him any harm. And what if he did resent it? Should I mind? "

Three nights later she emerged upon the shore that fronted her aforetime island home.

Dark, mysterious, and peaceful lay the straits beneath her eye, like the very image of the mood that now possessed her. No sound broke that profound stillness, and the very moveless constellations, tenderly reflected in the waters, appeared so lapped in ethereal indifference that not the fall of a meteorite shot from the zenith into those dim depths would suffice to scatter their absolute quietude. Upon the beach myriad smooth, round stones glimmered like an ossuary of crystal skulls. She drew nearer and became sensible how up that verge the lustreless waters floated, sighing of peace, and sank, sighing of rest.

Andromeda, covering her face with her hands, rocked gently.

" Water of oblivion," she murmured, " blessed waters to whose brink even the most out-wearied at last attain, with what spell do you lullaby my spirit! Cradle me, blessed waters; lave my cares away."

The moon rose, spilling a silvery path from the shore into infinity.

" Now am I relieved," said she, " of love and the burden of love. Now, if I could, would I tread that still and shining path whithersoever it lead me, so be it but lead me to rest."

She descended to the beach.

The stones that had appeared so beautiful were painful to her feet. She perceived on the verge of the sea a bearded elder in a shallow skiff. Bowed over the oar at

the stern, he seemed to have been always waiting—waiting, perhaps, for her. He twitched his hoary forelock.

"Ferry, pretty lady?"

She nodded.

A little breeze, exceedingly chill, had arisen. She wrapped her monk's robe yet closer about her. The skiff put out. The ancient, swaying over the oar, lifted his head, and the moonlight, illumining that thin hair, that crystalline eye, those features at once bland, smooth, mild, and ironically benevolent, put her in mind of the fabled Charon. A solitary ripple laughed or sighed to itself about the bows, where glaucous-eyed fish rolled up to gaze upon the pair, afloat between a remote heaven and an immaterial sea. Suddenly the greybeard began to sing in a slow time to the motion of the oar—

Tout casse . . . . . (Clank!)
Tout lasse . . . . . (Clank!)
Tout passe . . . . . (Clank!)

"Where learned you that?" she inquired listlessly.

"Orpheus taught it me. He said it was the song made by the old gossips the Fates, as they sat spinning in the sunlight of the first day."

"Sing it again."

"Ah, I thought it would please 'ee. I find it a special favourite with the young; especially if handsome young."

He bowed, touching his forelock, and sang again—

Tout casse . . . . . (Clank!)
Tout lasse . . . . . (Clank!)
Tout passe . . . . . (Clank!)

Twin burning tears, at once painful and refreshing, forced themselves from Andromeda's eyes, coursed her cheeks, and fell with a tinkle in the bottom of the boat. The old man bent down and gathered them.

"Thank'ee, pretty lady."

And he showed her the two silver pennies in his hand—the immortal obols of mankind.

Then he bit them.

"Good metal. The youngest are the most honest, and I've ferried but one younger beauty able to pay them. Helen her name was. I told her I would ferry her across for the mere lifting of her veil. But she shook her head. They say she caused a peck of trouble in the world. Hers

was the prettiest minted money I ever took, 'spite her tender age. Her foot—so slender it was in its silver sandal—couldn't keep still, being yet set mebbe on dancin' and gallimaufryin', or perhaps she was impatient on other counts—for I mind there were specks of blood upon her instep. I kept her pieces o' money for luck. I like to think she didn't consider me old enough to be let see her face. She'd learned wisdom, poor child. Youth and beauty is only trouble, I'm thinking."

He displayed two golden obols on a twist of yarn.

Andromeda did not even lift her head.

A deeper lustre fell upon the lagoon. The phosphorescent waters winked as if composed of thousands of little spinning coins.

The island loomed up. The tide, welling upon the beach, dispersed itself with the sound of a universal sigh.

Andromeda stepped ashore.

"*Tout casse, tout lasse, tout passe,*" she sang softly in quick time, as she made her way to the promontory beneath which she had once dwelt.

The sinking moon hung iridescent upon the horizon. Green vapour enveloped the shoal of the sirens. Upon Circe's palace top glistened a fixed cresset.

"Poor Circe," murmured Andromeda, "I wonder if she really cares for them . . . ," and, peering over the edge, Andromeda smiled a little sadly toward the watery grave of the Monster.

The pool stirred, quaked, blossomed in foam roseate beneath the first rays of the rising sun. . . .

The Monster emerged.

"What!" exclaimed Andromeda, "I understood you were——! How deceitful men are!" And she covered her face. Her shoulders shook.

"There, there," said the Monster, "don't cry—if you are crying. Let me at once admit the culpability—the hideous culpability—of the male in general—above all, of those over fifty years of age, who have learned how much, particularly in the elderly, discretion is the better part of valour, and that youth, adorable youth (the only thing worth having), whether of boy or girl, not only must, but should be served. I hope you have enjoyed yourself, but by the unlooked-for earliness of your return I fear you have

not. Nevertheless, I trust that the deceit to which you so feelingly refer—*honi soit qui mal y pense*—has not entirely blighted your belief in all persons of my gender. Ah! you smile. What is more delicious—or more becoming, I may add—than the smile of forgiveness on the face of a lovely young woman?"

"But I do not forgive you," she stamped, "you silly old Monster. I am very angry with you. You have no right thus to deceive a poor girl."

"Then why did you return?"

"I came to tell you that I do not forgive you."

"But you thought I was dead."

"Nonsense; I knew very well all the time."

"Andromeda, you are more delightful than ever."

"You needed a lesson."

"The magnanimity of the young has ever been a subject of applausive wonder to philosophers. In return for your lesson——"

"You seem to think I have come to stay——"

"I am not so foolish—though I regret that my young friends the metaphysical poets should prove wrong. They sang, you know, of love under the figure of a circle. And quite rightly, too. *Nous sommes toujours en retour à notre premier amour.*"

"But I tell you I know that I do not love you."

"Woman's omniscience again! Dear creatures. All of you are at once so much older and younger than we; so young that you never know your own minds, so old that you always know your own hearts. I used to think the truth to be the other way about. Well, we live, and sometimes, if we live long enough—but we need to live longer than most of us care—we learn. So you do not love me? Well, there's no hurry, since Eternity, according to the poets, is always connected with the idea of love, and consequently the passage of time can only be considered relatively. Yes, you will come to love me. Habit is ten times nature, as Wellington, who as the years flowed on was not without his little—um—feminine habits, remarked."

"You are odious. I love another."

"What, still? No matter. That will pass. As I was saying: in return for your lesson—see, I have a little present for you."

"Well, what is it?"

"A book."

"I dislike books."

"That is not unreasonable. Life, as doubtless you have discovered in the course of the lesson you have been giving me, is so much more than books, especially men's books. This book is, however, the work of a woman. The publisher asserts that it is in the nature of a revelation that——"

Andromeda stepped down.

"Who was she?"

"Her name was Pandora—she received every possible gift at birth: health, rank, beauty—she has the most lovely hair—riches, wit, honour, and, as she grew up, life added to her the best of all gifts, diverse and deep experience. She moved in the best circles. She became the wife of a Prime Minister with the most stately head in all Europe. And now Pandora is said to have let the cat out of the bag. Here is her book. It cannot fail, I think, to be interesting. Her indiscretion is, I am told, all that could be expected in one of her social distinction."

Andromeda accepted the volume and inspected the portrait frontispiece.

"Her hair is not quite as nice as mine," she said, "however . . ."

The sun had wholly risen. The sirens began to sing. Circe emerged on to her palace top and nodded to Andromeda. Andromeda nodded back.

"I've had a comfortable seat made for you." She beheld a throne of malachite diapered with seaweed. Andromeda sat down.

The Monster, fanning himself with a leisurely flipper, sank into a doze. The usual morning babble rose from Circe's isle. Another ship ran upon the ancient shoal and the sirens, yawning behind slim fingers, took the customary young mariners to their little bosoms.

Andromeda glanced at the Monster, where he reclined with flippers crossed upon his stomach.

"Well, at any rate, though he can't be called good-looking, he isn't tiresome. . . . Captain!"

The Monster opened one eye. She discovered that her old brilliancy of smile was not entirely lost. He beamed.

"Well?"

"I've decided to stay a little."

"Really? How good of you!"

"Isn't it? Have you a pen?"

He dived and returned with a coral pen and a bottle of cuttlefish ink.

"Informing your—um—friend of your strictly temporary sojourn here?"

"Perhaps!"

"Perhaps?"

"The tassel on your cap wants mending. Really, one would think you almost needed someone to look after you. Your hair wants brushing. Are, I wonder, your whiskers as silky as ever?"

"Ah," she said, when that was over, "perhaps you do, after all, understand me a little."

"And what is it you are going to write, my precious?"

"Never mind."

He eyed the book: "A supplementary chapter?"

"Perhaps."

"Dedicated to?"

"Dedicated to you."

THEATRE-CRAFT
Editors: Hermon Ould and Horace Shipp

Body and Soul: A Study in Theatre Problems

By Horace Shipp

At that point where the porticoes and respectability of Bloomsbury are outfaced by the coal arches and poverty of St. Pancras, the newly christened "Regent Theatre" opened its doors on September 11th. The opening of a new theatre in London need not be a matter of any great import, and this calls for comment simply because it is not, in the theatre manager's sense of the term, "in London" at all. It matters, indeed, just in as much as it is helping to break down that curious conception of the existence of a "Theatreland" within a half-mile radius of Charing Cross, surrounded by a limbo relegated to touring companies and other things both suburban and provincial.

The theatre has broken bounds. It is now impossible to think seriously of the London theatre without your mind taking the tube, as it were, to remote places like Hammersmith Broadway, Waterloo Road, Hampstead and, we hope to add, King's Cross. In these places playhouses seeking to cater for a cultivated taste in dramatic art and production exist upon the suffrage of local enthusiasm and (more important still) that of people who will come some distance to obtain what they desire in the way of entertainment. Thus the advantage to the theatre is not only an economic one; it spells comparative freedom from that type of mind which asks only

> "To wear away this long age of three hours
> Between our after supper and bedtime,"

the West End pleasure seeker, who is almost unaware whether he is watching a play or a kinema show so long as there is plenty of plush seating and the maximum of light and music between the acts.

BODY AND SOUL

So long ago as April, 1918, a group of us who were interested in the institution of the theatre even during what seemed to be the twilight of all civilised institutions, contributed to the columns of *The Nation* a series of letters embodying some of our suggestions for the salvation of the theatre in the, then unlikely, event of anything being saved. Time, turning the old days to derision, has in five years given to many of our suggestions a curious antiquity: probably because they were a statement of what many theatre reformers were thinking, the opportunity for theatrical rebirth found many of them put into practice.

Decentralisation was one of the reforms foreshadowed, and the venture of the Regent Theatre endows us with the gift of prophecy, in that we even mooted Bloomsbury as being the ideal place for such an experiment. For we realised that before the soul of the theatre could be saved its body must be delivered from the rack-renter. Since then the gamble in playhouses has rendered the problem much more acute, until no manager with a West End house and its appendages of sub-lessees on his hands can dare to stage anything but plays appealing to the greatest number. Thus experimental work of any kind became impossible; only the soundest of the occasional play-producing societies survived the charges for exorbitantly rented theatres. So the scales were weighted against art, and the only way the balance could be adjusted was by escape from the West End, where the economic burden was crushingly heavy. It is this which makes the Regent Theatre significant; one sees it as part of that campaign for establishing district centres of sound theatrical art.

One other factor of importance common to these theatres is the attempt to organise the audience, to establish a definite link between the management and their friends in the district and beyond. How far this co-operation can be carried it is difficult to predict, but I feel certain that the future will see interesting development of the idea which germinates in the pioneer "Old Vic. Circle," or the more recent ones at the Lyric, Everyman, and Regent Theatres. At present the functions of these audience groups are too vague, but the time may come when they play an active part in controlling the policy of the theatre.

In these two important ways, then, of decentralisation and of organising the audience the intelligent theatre is facing the facts which threaten its bodily existence. Taking the cue which Mr. Bennett's play title supplies, one may turn to the problem of its soul. That indeed is the real problem. If it succeeds merely in establishing a new safety in prosperity, it will have accomplished nothing save spreading badness over a wider area. The opening night at the Regent supplied a curious example. The newly decorated theatre, a brilliant and expectant house, a Press anxious to continue the support which it had already vouchsafed, and Mr. Nigel Playfair's reputation as a man of the theatre on the one hand—and on the other, Arnold Bennett's play. I spent my lucid moments during the evening asking how the author of *Clayhanger* and *The Old Wives' Tale* could write such third-rate stuff. The looseness of construction which has been a fault even of Mr. Bennett's most successful stage work is disintegrating in this new play. One cannot tell whether it is meant at any moment to be a serious comment on social affairs, or just a series of more or less dramatic situations loosely strung together upon a string of incident which would pass for plot between the covers of a railway bookstall magazine. The warning that the curtain will descend occasionally to mark the lapse of time is a premonition of failure to accept the technical limitations of drama, and when these breakings off of action are emphasised by selections of irrelevant if good music, I defy anyone to retain any sense of unity. This lack of harmony spread to the characterisation, to the dialogue, to the play motive, and, in a last wild contagion, to the production, the acting, and the setting. Nothing belonged to anything. Miss Nan Watson's playing of her incredible part and her experiments in phonetics drew back our wandering attention again and again, only to give place to violent reaction when one found that we were expected to take her seriously.

What I still fail to understand is why the amateurishness of the play should have crept into the production. The bad parody of a new art setting which rendered the first scene unpleasant to the eyes was so unnecessary; it was a joke in provincial taste. The effort to extend the action of the play to the auditorium served only to remind

me by contrast of a performance which I saw two weeks earlier at the Grosse Schauspielhaus in Berlin, where the effect was used with a feeling of rightness and inevitableness.

We want the Regent Theatre too much to be satisfied with this poor play and this "stunt" production. Mr. Playfair has the English rights of the plays by Capek, which, with Shaw's *Methuselah* and Toller's work, are probably the most interesting dramatic production of post-war Europe; he has this new theatre at his disposal and the support of intellectual London; he has an opportunity for experimental stagecraft necessitated by the play motive and not *appliqué*. To a man of the theatre the appeal must be irresistible. I hope that, so far as Mr. Playfair is concerned, it will prove so, for then the new venture in Bloomsbury will commence to fulfil its destiny.

Apropos.

Body. . .

In the Königgrätzerstrasse Theatre the amazing production of *Kapellmeisters Kreisler*; a stage mechanism which gave forty-two scenes and the methods of the kinema; the last daring of theatrical lighting; subjectivism made visible, objectivism rendered transparent; technique and the machine. Like some wonderful mechanical doll, without life or feeling. Wheels and switches vitalising the sawdust limbs.

. . . and Soul.

In a village hill among the hills of Gloucestershire, the work of the Greenleaf Theatre. An understanding of the needs of drama and the theatre, rhythmic production which aimed at expressing the underlying spirit of the plays and folk songs presented; the materials of symbols rather than of naturalism; an overcoming of material disadvantages by intense cultivation of the art. And failure to secure an audience sufficient to continue the work. A disembodied ghost of good art.

The Marlowe Dramatic Society

By P. H.

It is difficult to realise to-day, when accounts of the performance of Elizabethan plays are to be found almost monthly in the newspapers, to what an extent they had been relegated to the bookshelf twenty years ago. The enthusiastic reader of that time never hoped to see his mental visions take form upon the stage.

It will be seen that those responsible for the foundation of the Marlowe Society were pioneers in a field at that time almost untrodden, and had to contend with prejudices and ignorance which to-day are much less formidable.

It was at that time felt by many who were keenly interested in the theatre that poetic drama could not long survive the cumbrous scenery and artificial bombast of the regular London stage. Thus it happened that a body of young men in Cambridge gathered together with the object of rescuing the plays of the great English period from the dust-heap to which they had long been consigned by the actor managers. It has been the aim of the Society to carry out a series of experiments which would discover a method of production both dramatically sound and artistically satisfactory.

The first attempt of the Society was the production of Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus* with no other scenic aid than that of an inner and outer stage draped with plain green curtains. By this experiment one great object was achieved, the play was allowed to speak for itself, and it was shown that exact and realistic stagecraft served rather to swamp the poet than to aid him.

The second production, that of *Richard II.*, showed no great advance on the first; the same green curtains were used, but a gallery was built at the back for certain scenes. *The Silent Woman* followed; an attempt instructive rather than successful was made to simplify the intrigue. This resulted in the mystification of the audience and pointed the

moral that it is unwise to tamper with the work of so great a master as Ben Jonson. The next two years saw the production of Massinger's *A New Way to Pay Old Debts* and *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, the latter noteworthy for the presence of the first painted curtain, a tapestry portraying the rape of Lucrece. In the spring of 1914 the Society made a great advance with *The Alchemist*, produced in a patchwork setting, the work of Kennard Bliss, branded by the critics as "Futuristic," the current term of abuse synonymous with that of "Bolshevist."

In June, 1919, the drawing-room drama traditional to May Week was replaced by *Henry IV.*, Part I., and since that date have been produced Webster's *The White Devil*, a triple bill of plays by Swinburne, Fletcher, and Gay, *Arden of Feversham*, and *Troilus and Cressida*.

The Society is now flourishing and by no means inclined to live on its past. Rules of production have been carefully avoided and each play produced without regard to its predecessors.

Henry IV. was played in front of a series of symbolic backcloths painted on rough canvas, representing the various localities of the play. The old convention was observed of employing stage manager's boys to move the properties in full view of the audience, and thus the eleven necessary changes followed in quick succession.

The same method was again employed in *The White Devil*. Seven changes of scene were brought about by the use of a box stage hung with black curtains and divided into different depths by four cross curtains. At the back of the deepest scene was a red and orange gallery with gilt figures, the upper part of which could be hidden by a curtain, leaving the supporting pillars and a low rostrum which stretched across the furthest half of the stage for the dumb shows. Much of this play appears chaotic to the reader, but it was found that under a straightforward and skilful method of production the obscurer portions took their places in a general coherence.

It is the Society's object to give the whole play and nothing but the play, and this is almost the only tie on the methods of production. Speed is regarded as essential and "business" and other irrelevances of the London stage studiously eschewed.

The production of *Troilus and Cressida* was notable for its speed, the play, one of the longest of Shakespeare's, lasting practically in its entirety less than three hours. This was achieved, with no effect of hurry, by the use of an apron stage and steps, enabling crowds to be got off without blocking the wings, and by the elimination of the stage manager's boys. The latter was brought about by an arrangement of curtains and backcloths by which it was possible to remove properties and objects such as the platform and pillars used in the first half of the play while another scene was in progress upon the fore-stage. The apron stage device had not been used before, and will not be used again unless the play seems to call for it, the method of mounting any play being dictated by the form of the play itself. The designer is given a free hand as to the form of stage and is not tied by any tradition or theory as to the original or correct method of presentation.

It is difficult to explain the real popular success of such a play as *Troilus and Cressida* both at Cambridge and at the Everyman Theatre, Hampstead; it may be suggested that, in addition to long and careful thought on the part of the producer, this is due to an effect of sincerity brought about, first, by the speaking of blank verse as poetry, secondly, to the thought bestowed on their lines by even the minor actors, and thirdly, to a quiet treatment of the emotional scenes, the belief being that the words carry their own message to the audience.

In a great play there is no room for " stars," and the Society, by imposing anonymity on its actors, has tried to convey to its public the desire to see the play rather than the players.

Scenery when used has always been symbolic rather than realistic, and has been designed to complete the emotions called up by the words, and not to challenge attention by its cleverness or its attempted realism.

The Society has been criticised for its anachronisms in placing Elizabethan or classical costumes before a modernist background, but the producers can at least claim the example of Shakespeare in a serene disregard for the purely archæological. Its contention is that the plays it produces are living plays and not museum specimens.

Setting for Troilus and Cressida
by Alec Penrose.
(Marlowe Dramatic Society,
Cambridge.)

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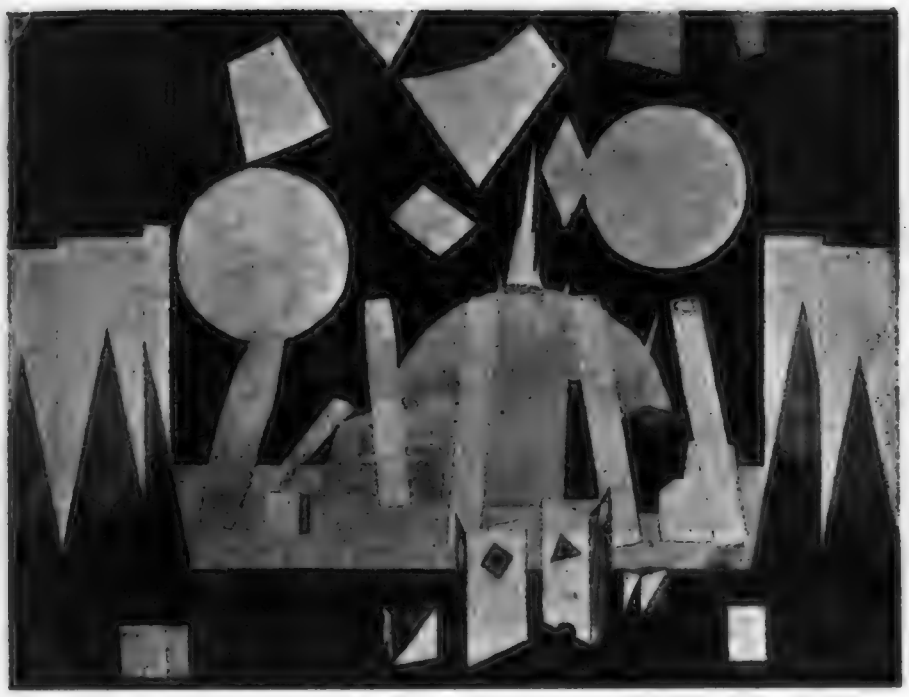

Decoration by B. Ferdinandova for Koroly-Arlekin (King Arlequin). Played June, 1922, at Kamerny Theatre, Moscow.

The colour is very brilliant, and both colour and form have a psychological value.

Scene from Koroly-Arlekin
(Kamerny Theatre, Moscow).

Towards a Human Theatre in Soviet Russia

By Huntly Carter

I THINK the first thing that impressed me on my re-entrance to Moscow this year was the sight of the working-class population. Actually it was workers, workers, all the way, as Browning might say. Gentlemen in peak caps, loose-blouses, and top-boots, and ladies in fancy handkerchief head-wear, cotton blouses and cotton shoes crowded the business streets, thronged the boulevards, received you in the public offices, leant out of fashionable flats in the great residential streets, lounged on the balconies, clustered about the spacious doorways, sprawled on the lawns, and sat in the basins of the fountains—fortunately gone dry for the purpose.

In view of this convincing demonstration that Soviet Russia, or the urban part of it, was firmly in the possession of the working class, who apparently had got rid of all the bourgeoisie excepting a few shabby survivors, I could not avoid asking myself, What are these workers going to make of mighty Russia and its equally mighty institutions? What are they making of them already? Are they, for one thing, eliminating those bourgeois elements to which as worker-communists they would naturally object? I looked round and I saw all the old pre-war buildings that I knew so well—the mammonised banks and stores and Trust buildings, the magnificent mansions of the wealthy, the many and varied imposing public institutions, these and many others standing as they stood in 1914, but it is true all alike shockingly dilapidated, filthy, chaotic, and containing new occupiers. There they were, not reduced to dust as one would think would be consistent with communistic principle, but surviving as though to remind visitors that bourgeois Russia is not dead, but sleepeth.

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something about the new conception and organisation of the Theatre as a definite branch of the Soviet Department of Education. I knew that according to these the Theatre had wisely been brought closer to the people themselves than at any time since a very early period of the world's history. When the Department of Education, under the direction of M. Lunacharsky, took over all the playhouses it said to everyone in Soviet Russia, " You must act and dance and sing, and play musical instruments, and paint scenery, and thus become a living part and parcel of the great theatres and studios of drama, ballet, music and art, which it is our intention to establish." This intention to change the spectators from passive to active participators in the work of the Theatre was based on a magnificent vision of the spectator embodying all the visible objects and agents of representation and interpretation—in a word, all the potentialities of actorship. And perhaps the intention might have been realised greatly by now if Russia had not continued to grow so thin that it became a matter of fattening its population by artificial means. The actors had to act for food; the singers, to sing for food; the dancers, to dance for food; the musicians, to play for food; and all the hundreds and thousands of future proletarian Irvings and Terrys, and Pavlovas and Chaliapines and Gordon Craigs had to do something or other for food. I knew all this. And I knew that in spite of its terrible economic troubles the Theatre of Soviet Russia had continued to come closer to the people than ever before, and that since the Revolution the people had been doing theatrical things for themselves that put all other peoples to shame.

One of the things they had done was to introduce new objects and agents of representation and interpretation to the Theatre. In a way they were compelled to do so in order to replace the bourgeois conventions which the Revolution had driven out. The Revolution cleared the stage, so to speak. When the playhouses were nationalised nothing of a bourgeois character was permitted on the stage except that which could be derided or scourged. There was a period of satire and criticism which gave place to one of construction. A year ago saw a movement called " Constructivism " springing up in the proletarian

theatres and the enormous number of studio theatres. It was clearly a creative movement, one designed to sweep away the last remnant of the old bourgeois theatrical cumber and to replace it with inspiring symbols.

What has happened in the intervening twelvemonth? Simply that the work of introducing a conception of representation and interpretation to the Theatre suited to the present humanised mood has continued in spite of changes caused by the new economic policy. It fell, as I discovered, under three heads. There was the compromise affected by the pre-Revolution purely cultural theatre of the Moscow Art Theatre type; the uncompromising method adopted by the purely proletarian theatre; and the equally uncompromising and ultra-extreme method pursued by the purely æsthetic theatre of the Kamerny Theatre type. To-day each of these has a distinct and enlightening method of representation, and all are strongly influenced by the break-away from the old bourgeois representational forms of expression which has taken place in the Theatre of Soviet Russia.

The Moscow Art Theatre, concerning whose work since 1917 there have been very many mis-statements, continues its pre-war cultural work with certain plays from its old repertory and new productions touched by the proletarian spirit. These are presented in suitable settings having little or none of the objectionable bourgeois features. It is found possible to use the old famous, very simple, grey and amber screens—the screens which have been so much copied in Europe and America, for the mood is rather æsthetic than bourgeois. But deliberately realistic and detailed interiors such as those used for *Nora* and *The Seagull* are banned. M. Stanislavsky, who is as well and as energetic as ever, and was not assassinated, as was so frequently rumoured, kindly gave me the run of his "house" while I was in Moscow, with the result that I saw several plays. One of them was the recently revived Gorki's *Lower Depths*, which has been in the lower depths since 1917 on account of its Tolstoyan ethics, which the communists like about as much as the devil likes Resurrection Pie. I also saw some plays and an operetta, *Daughter of Madam Angot*, of a revolutionary satirical species. The scenery and properties looked rather "sick," but the acting was as perfect as ever.

In the proletarian playhouses and studios, of which there are an amazing number, the work is conceived and carried out in the purely proletarian spirit. These playhouses and studios exhibit immense vitality that suggests a great unworked store of dramatic energy in the Russian people. They produce satirical and revolutionary plays of a symbolical-agitational type. Notable productions have been an adaptation of Jack London's *The Mexicane*; Pletnev's *Lena*; *Hunger*, by Andreyev; an adaptation of Claudel's *The Avenger*, Lunacharsky's *Vassilissa Premudraya*, and Mayakovsky's *Mysteria Bouffe*, played at the Zon Theatre, the largest theatre in Moscow. The method of representation largely takes the form of Futurist symbolism. In the " constructivism " species of plays, wherein the motive is the destruction of the old capitalistic State and the building up of the new or electric State, the symbols used are mainly architectural and technical ones, such as would be associated with industrial and civic motives. The scenery is deliberately symbolical with a maximum both of detail and civic mood. Some of the detail is distinctly Futuristic. On the whole, it is quite different from anything seen on the Western Europe or American stages, and is as complete a wipe-out of all bourgeois features as though the latter had never existed.

The Kamerny Theatre, one of the four remaining theatres now subsidised by the Soviet Government, has also got rid of everything of a pre-war bourgeois character in its settings and costumes and properties. Its method of staging is a complete contrast to that of the Moscow Art Theatre. Its search for abstraction carries it to extremes not met with outside Russia. At the same time its unusual compositions in mass and line, designed to express the two-fold, sometimes, as in Hofmann's *Senor Formika* (a production I saw), the three-fold spirit of a play, are supplemented by stages at different levels, and other devices used, as in Germany and America, to obtain the greatest fluid handling of the characters. The work of this theatre is extremely brilliant and unconventional. Like that of the proletarian theatre, it deserves to be seen outside Russia.

THE
ENGLISH REVIEW

By the "Ionian" Sea

By Austin Harrison

THE collapse of the Greek Army of the Ionian Empire in Asia Minor dispels another illusion of the Great War, but its historic meaning is far deeper. Exactly why the Greeks arrogated to themselves the right to establish a Greek Empire in Turkey we do not know, for after the Armistice the secrecy of imperial and financial policy has been so strong that only those who are in the inner circle can lay claim to any real knowledge either as to why things happen or who—what Minister? which group? which intrigue?—has caused this or that. At any rate, Greece was one of the illusionists headed by Venizelos; who for some mysterious reason has managed to captivate and seduce our rulers, and the resurrection of Byzantium was part of this adventurous gentleman's dream. Greek Navalism became a Mediterranean "fruit" of the war. Smyrna was occupied and a considerable hinterland annexed under the beautiful name of Ionia, and Constantinople was once more to be a Greek city with the Christian Cross of Hellas flaunting the victor's civilisation upon the crescent of the infidel.

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All seemed well, except that the Greeks ejected M. Venizelos, but King Constantine gladly took on the "victor's" mantle, and as the Turks had been at war uninterruptedly since 1914 and were faced with the armed "solidarity" of the Great Powers, the Greeks no doubt thought their job an easy one fixed up with a spurious Sultanic Government controlled by Britain, whose business it was to obey. Sir Basil Zaharof—flitting ever mysteriously

behind the shares—was just establishing a bank at Smyrna—the Ionian Bank; there was to be a conference at Venice to solemnise and legitimise the Greek Empire, when the real Government of Turkey under the soldier, Kemal, carried out a brilliant strategic offensive as successful as if it had been planned and conducted by the French General Staff. Ionia collapsed. The Greeks fled in confusion to the coast, burning and devastating Turkish villages on the way, even setting fire to Broussa, which is a holy city of the Caliphs, with the inevitable consequence that as a reprisal Smyrna too has been burnt down amid hideous scenes of rape and murder quite like the good old Crusading times (at least so the Press informs us). Thus ends the new Byzantine Empire of M. Venizelos. The Turks claim their own—Constantinople and Turkey, without an " Ionian Bank," and Europe is confronted with a first-class crisis which touches the British Empire in the quick.

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Constantinople is, of course, a specific interest of ours, and no doubt it was this inducement which originally prompted our rulers to support and abet Greek Navalism and the Ionian Empire, Greece in such conditions being in possession merely by our sanction, which thus placed the " Straits " under our benevolent benediction. The Greek " mandate " was, in fact, a supposititious British mandate, gilded, I fear, with the vista or advantages of a " Gibraltarisation " of that peninsula where in 1915 the armies of Great Britain fought such desperate battles. That was evidently the attraction. We also had the Christian motive of driving out the infidel from Europe, notably feverishly supported by not a few of the very men who clamour so loudly for the League of Nations. We ought not to forget that curious fact. So there we are—East and West once more. Constantinople, the prize, over again; the old game of balance of power; the Mediterranean question a fighting argument, and European diplomacy hanging on to the fringes of the gateway to the East, wondering whether harmony can be attained or whether Ionia will not lead to a general breakdown of the long pretence of " common " interest,

which has frustrated peace in Europe since the Armistice, and so lead blindly and inevitably to general war.

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But first, how comes it that the Greeks were so signally taken by surprise? Perhaps more pertinently still, how comes it that we, the supporters of Greece, were so overtaken? The answer is to be found in the personal and cynical methods of European diplomacy and the strange unwillingness or incompetence on our part to face the realities of politics and the interests actuating them. In a word, both Greece and ourselves left out France. The man glancing at his paper in the train good-humouredly referred to our backing of Greece and to France's backing of Turkey; he did not realise that France had made a secret treaty with the Turks with the object of defeating the Greek-British policy; partly as a play-off against our attitude towards France's aim of smashing up Germany, partly because France in no way desires the "Gibraltarisation" of a zone which she specifically intends to earmark internationally, as the phrase goes, if only for the military reason that her whole policy consists in forming an armed ring enclosing Germany, in particular shutting off Germany from access to the East. The Turkish victory is really a French victory. We must firmly get that into our heads or we shall flounder hopelessly in any attempt to understand the present situation and its consequences; nor would it have been possible, without French supplies of munitions, for the Turks to have even attempted an offensive. Those Turkish tanks present a grim commentary to a post-war bankrupt world. So much for the "harmony." At the same time the French are right in their dislike of new Byzantium, and, as usual, they took care to be right about the Turkish military capacity.

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The situation is now brim full of possibilities. The Turks demand their historic lands and cities, and, according to all the fourteen points of ex-President Wilson and of the League of Nations, they are entitled to them; certainly Constantinople should be restored to them with Asia Minor. But they want more. They claim Thrace and the Dardanelles, though agreeing in theory to the freedom

of the Straits. Once more the Turks hold the balance of power. France, who has regrouped Europe into (1) a zone of Little Entente militarism, (2) a sphere of Franco-Turkish interest, finds herself in a difficulty because if she supports her Turkish friends she will clash with the Little Entente, in particular with Roumania, whose bloated Byzantinism depends upon a free Dardanelles, and of the Jugo-Slavs, who view with dismay the prospect of a Turkish return to the Balkans. The " Little Entente " of France is thus with regard to Turkey pro-Greek; but France is pro-Turk and militarily pro-Little Entente, and cannot without gross loss of prestige abandon her strategic allies, nor indeed can she without grave material injury to her entire position in the Near East. The same applies to Italy, who is enraged at this Greek Navalism. And so we find Italy refusing to participate in warfare to save the Greek Eastern empire, while France, who believes in the spoils of victory, intimates that the Turks are entitled to their " fruits," which presumably include Thrace and certainly Constantinople. It is a pretty predicament. The only point upon which the Powers (we go back to our pre-war terminology) are even in semblance of agreement is that relating to the freedom of the Straits, and that because otherwise all stand to lose the major part of what the Great War was fought for—power and that old European plum, Constantinople, the possession of which Napoleon said was the key to world-power.

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What is our position? It was analysed relentlessly by Sir Valentine Chirol, a very able veteran analyser of power politics, in *The Times*, September 18th. He showed how under a welter of pious premisses and protestations we had set up a bogus Turkish Government while secretly encouraging the Greek offensive against Angora last year. He showed how we had let down the Arabs, instead of " freeing " them as promised for their services against the Turks, our " liberation " taking the form of (1) Syria for France, (2) Palestine for the Jews and (3) Irak under a mock Arab king for us, and (4) Ionia for the Greeks; perhaps worst of all, the League of Nations is being invited to give its imprimatur to these mandates, or

Turkish disannexations, as if to make sovereign nonsense of the talk about "self-determination." He rightly sums up that we have two policies left: either to restore the Ottoman Empire, or to frame up defiantly against the Turk in opposition to France and Italy—and the East.

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Sentiment or statesmanship?—that is the question. Already the drums are beating. An incident may lead to war. Feverishly Chanak was to be fortified, troops are going out, the Navy is steaming eastwards, any morning a Turk may shoot a Christian sentry in the neutral zone, and then literally anything may happen all through Europe. Now we had better consider our bearings, for the situation resembles ominously that in 1914, and nothing would be easier than to drift into war under a Government looking for a policy and a "patriotic" cry. The first and essential thing for us to grasp is that we are not a Christian Empire: we are a Mahomedan Empire, geographically viewed, which to-day is the only real-political determinant, and in thinking of Empire we must bear in mind that all over the world Britain is, or should be, the friend and spear-head of the East. India, Egypt, the Arabs, Asia—the British Empire is the umbrella, and it is well nigh inconceivable that at this juncture in history we, above all nations, should seek to set East against West for the sake of saying the Litany in the Church of Hagia Sophia at Constantinople. All travellers in the East agree about the renascence of Oriental determinism; the resuscitation of the East, even the message emanating from Eastern minds which, once more, is forcing through to the West, consequent on the decadence of Occidental civilisation and its inability to provide a solution to the evils of what has become a purely materialistic attitude. The Mussulman world, despite, perhaps because of, its non-realistic beliefs, has maintained its integrity and vitality numerically and spiritually, and is to-day pretty wide awake. You cannot conscript black savages to slaughter white men without grave loss of prestige. You cannot pit Indian against Turk or Arab without lowering the dignity of the white man. You cannot preach Christianity to the East while seizing the homelands of the fanatical Turk and betraying our Arab "Ally." Yet all

these things have been done in the name and honour of the West.

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Appeals to the deathless "memory" of our dead at Gallipoli are political claptrap answered nobly by the General who fought the great fight there and who certainly ought to know. Sir Ian Hamilton said: "The boys did not die for Reparations; nor for Mesopotamia; nor even for Jerusalem." That also was what the late Field-Marshal Wilson said, who laid it down as axiomatic of British statesmanship that we retired from Irak, Palestine, and Constantinople, and nearly all Englishmen acquainted with India and the East and all competent students of statesmanship agree. We have no right to these places, except on the barbaric law of victors' spoils. The whole "mandates" system is an hypocrisy which deceives no one. If there is to be peace in Asia, it is absolutely necessary for us to retire from these annexations and give back to Turkey what is Turkish by every canon of right in this or any other civilisation. To-day, the Treaty of Sèvres, never acknowledged by the Turks, is just another scrap of paper. We are faced with the momentous decision of war in the event of the Kemalist troops attempting to cross the arbitrary neutral zones imposed upon Islam by force. We have to face the prospects of an Asiatic conflagration in the cause of an Ionian Trojan-horse.

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Kemal, of course, may turn out to be a real statesman, in any case he is controlled by France—what about us? So far as Greece and Turkey are concerned, we ought to take no side, and there seems to be no doubt but that the so-called freedom of the Straits can be secured on reasonable terms. If Turkish terms are part of Thrace and Adrianople, the problem becomes European or Balkan, and here the whole basis of the peace of Versailles is thrown into the melting-pot. That is why Turkey's victory sets so bad an example. The Turks, refusing the soft words of the Powers, resorted to the time-honoured weapon of force, and by their success have relit the lamp of that age-long argument. What the Turks can do others can do. Since the Armistice, Europe has been the victim of Britain and France haggling

over the spoils, unable to agree, fighting for spheres, mandates and markets, holding up peace, trade, production and distribution in an utterly senseless diplomatic squabble about Reparations, which has become so bitter and unbalanced that M. Poincaré accuses England officially of "overcharges" in the British bill, and even in the League of Nations Frenchmen actually pillory England as the militarist Power of Europe. This is the real danger, as it is the meaning of the Turkish victory. It is the breakdown of the whole series of Treaties signed at Versailles. It reveals in a flash the discord animating Anglo-French relations. It means that the Turko-Greek war is the strategic outpost of the thinly disguised disharmony—to avoid a military word—driving England and France asunder, which must, if a new attitude cannot be found, not only lose us definitely the peace, but regroup the imperialisms of victorious and defeated Europe.

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One anomaly in the situation is the Turkish Alliance with Russia—France is thus a member of a Triple Alliance on the verge of war with the Entente grouping, and in the centre is the new Little Entente Alliance which stands or falls by its own militarism. Clearly half-measures will now be fatal. We have to make up our minds on a policy and be prepared to fight for it. We shall have to be ready to back our veto upon a Turkish Thrace, etc., by force or give way splendidly before it is too late, a course which is still open to us *via* the League of Nations. I do not think that France will yield much, for she alone has a definite policy and her Versailles map depends upon it. To her, the Turks are pawns in the game of devitalising Germany, and Constantinople is the bait which she hopes to dangle before a revived "White" Russia in return for the pre-war Russian anti-German Alliance. She too is an Eastern Power. She thinks she can obtain an accommodation over Turkey for a freer hand over "sanctions." For France thinks only of the Rhine. Her immediate aim is to induce the Reparations Committee to proclaim Germany's default, thus releasing the control which keeps her from marching into the Ruhr valley. All else is subsidiary. She will not fight for the Greek retention of European Turkey; she

will not enter into any Christian crusade against Islam; she would no doubt secretly be quite pleased to see us embarked upon a "Holy" war calculated to set the East aflame, which would leave her a free hand in sinking Europe. Nothing could be more foolish than to fan the embers of hatred here against the Turk, who has at least shown himself a patriot and a soldier. Who really set fire to Smyrna we shall probably never know; it is like asking "who killed Cock Robin?" The Greeks fired the Turkish villages in retreat. There is little to choose between either side. Ionia has disappeared. What now? Is Irak worth the bones of a Gordon Highlander? Is new Jerusalem? Is even the Church of St. Sophia?

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If now we are to remain in occupation astride the Straits and to regard the Gallipoli peninsula as a British sphere, then we must expect the Turk to take the normal view of man, who naturally objects to alien occupation, and indeed is ready to fight for it. The expense involved will be enormous, and even at the end of a successful campaign, provided there are no European complications, we shall have to maintain a considerable army in Turkey plus a permanent Fleet in being ready at any hour to bombard Constantinople—a cheerful prospect for the taxpayer. Even at that low computation the game is not worth the candle, but that is only the Bradbury side of it. The vital question is the East and the consequences involved. Another equally vital consideration is its effect upon Europe and the imperative need of the hour—the restoration of peace, confidence, and purchasing-power between the Rhine and Vladivostok. War may prove to be the only way out, but it will be a war involving Europe, actively and secretly, and the great collapse will have become inevitable. If we get involved, France will probably march into the Ruhr, and Europe will crash. Such is the prospect. If then at the end of another bloody Gallipoli campaign we claim the fruits and Gibraltarise the Straits, Russia will be thrown once more into the arms of France—or Germany—and Europe will settle down to prepare for the great chemical war which will shatter the cities of the Continent and poison civilians by the million.

The Turks will never accept now the "zone of the Straits" as laid down by the Sèvres Treaty, and in any case so delicate a harmony of control as between Britain, France, and Italy implies a concord which is not real politics. A month or two back we could have made a good peace—we refused even to see the Turkish representatives. Our whole mandatory Treaty with Turkey was based upon militarism in defiance of all principles of law and equity, and, with cheerful lunacy, entirely without regard of Russia. Now that this Treaty has been wiped out by fire and blood, we can start afresh, and perhaps that is the one bright spot in the picture. Only blindness or wickedness would refuse reconsideration of our Turkish policy.

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There remains the League—why not use it? If the League has any moral justification, this is the time to assert it. Otherwise we shall be in the grip once more of power-politics the evolution of which can only fill the mind of the thinking man with dismay. Our policy should be evacuation. Our dreams have vanished, let us come down to realities. We should wind up the Mesopotamian watch. We should enter into proper relations with the Kemalists and, provided that the Straits can be guaranteed free, restore to them their territories in Asia Minor. The European side presents greater difficulties. Adrianople is a mosque (holy) city, and naturally the Turks are not anxious to leave their capital at the mercy of foreign artillery able at any time to blow up Constantinople while they are not permitted to dig so much as a trench in defence. Here we are on the familiar ground of "security" again, and that is what the French mean by "legitimate" Turkish aspirations. European Turkey is part of the Balkan imbroglio, but as all Europe has been Balkanised, one problem the more should not present insuperable difficulties to politicians who literally wallow in them. Of course, if we are really going to have the farce of a "religious" war, then nothing can save us, but almost the thing seems incredible. A deal might be done with Bulgaria, who has been deprived of a port, but then probably ex-Servia would bridle up and the conditions set for another Slav war billed to start "next spring" according to the pre-war Kalends. For nothing

has been settled in Europe as the result of the Treaties. Only so many States have been made bankrupt, how many we cannot yet foresee. In the end probably all the aggrieved peoples will fight their way out, like the Turks, and that being the now accepted view of serious and unbiassed observers, it remains questionable whether the Turkish crisis is not the best thing that could have happened.

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I look upon it in that light. It will bring us here back to earth, force us to face economic truths, test our common sense, dispel the illusion of a harmony of imperial rival hegemonies. We shall be compelled to find a policy and declare it. There is light once more—a great opportunity to make good. The "poison" Treaties of Europe must lead to war—they should all be denounced and a new World Conference be convened, preferably at Washington, in which peace should be remade on predetermined and agreed principles. The truth is that only philosophic policy can rescue Europe from the slough of hate and bankruptcy imposed upon it by an unthinking victor group, and unless we can obtain the attitude which alone can create a new basis of international rights and comity, war will remain the biological necessity of a hungry and desperate Continent, and war will ensue. Not all the fine words of Christendom can prevent this culminating clash, for Europe cannot live to-day and we are all drifting into decline. The Crescent is not inhuman. Islam is very much alive with new doctrines of humanity. To start a crusade on a dead-weight debt of £8,000,000,000 would be lunacy; it would be to emulate M. Venizelos. The danger of the Conference will now be the humiliation to which we are exposed by Turkey acting for France with Russia as "flaming" second. Clearly, in this connection the man is Mr. Leslie Urquhart, to-day *persona grata* on an 8 per cent. profit basis with the Bolshevist Government. And clearly we ought not to oppose Turkish occupation of the Greek neutral zone. The Turks have won the war. They want and need our friendship, which we can successfully trade for an honest policy. Their diplomatic strength is real—France, Italy, and Russia are behind them playing

the old Salisbury policy. Wires to Canada and Australia mean nothing to that combination. If Europe's game is to manœuvre for the Kaiser's pre-war Turkish position, then we return to 1850, which led to the Crimean War—about the "Holy Places." And America won't fight, but Russia may. The Straits are Russia's problem, and France never forgets it. Do we? Are we to resing the old song about Constantinople? How the Kaiser and ex-President Wilson must in their respective mortifications be smiling!

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A statesman here has a unique opportunity to hold once more "the gorgeous East in fee." It is to prevent war; to get back to earth.

A Few Brutal Truths

By the Editor

THE withdrawal of the French contingent from Chanak on the Asiatic shore of the Dardanelles has thrown into acid relief the extraordinary gravity of the European situation, though personally I regard the French attitude as correct according to their sympathy with the Turks as against specific British policy. None the less, it is an historic act which clears the air of a thousand and one subterfuges, not the least danger of which is their complete misunderstanding on the part of the peoples. Kemal is unlikely to try to drive us into the sea, and we are not likely to precipitate hostilities. Writing on the 20th of this month, that is all that can usefully be said. But temporary avoidance of war or delay will not procure a solution, the real difficulty of which lies, despite the silence of the Press, in the fundamental divergence of opinion as between England and France. We want peace in Europe through the channels of peace. France seeks peace through force—that is the chasm, and as Britain and France separately and collectively control the European position, we two are the balancing factors which can alone decide the issue upon which the future of Europe and her civilisation depend.

The Turkish issue is really only a side issue or culminant in the ceaseless series of discords and countermoves actuating British and French policy since the Treaty of Versailles, and it may well be that a sharp crisis focussing the world's attention on the realities of the perils confronting Europe may serve a healthy and constructive influence. It is clear that we cannot continue the game of make-believe, for that way can lead nowhere. Either we understand one another or we agree to disagree. If Kemal inadvertently can assist in producing a constructive European policy, even war will not have been in vain. It is

on this line of thought that intelligent opinion should concentrate.

The problem of Europe is the problem dividing England and France; it is called Reparations. What is the cold, hard truth about it? It is this, and I challenge any banker or economist in Europe to dispute the truth of this statement. *There is no problem of Reparations.* The entire question, in the absence of gold, is one of mechanism, namely transfer of value, as was shown in these pages two years ago. That is to say, it is an operation of finance—on both sides.

Now the mechanism of the exchange of value is the A B C of bankers' business. Lombard Street knows all about it, there is nothing really new that can be said this way or that. And the ridiculous truth is that as Germany can only pay in goods or services or securities, the mechanism of Reparation is reduced to these three transfers of value. (1) She pays in goods, in which case Germany must be made the chief exporting Power in Europe, greatly to the harm of France and Britain. (2) She accepts helot service, such as building the Channel tunnel, or making new roads in England or mining in Wales and Belgium *for nothing*, in which case labour in the countries benefiting will find an exact corresponding ratio of unemployment. (3) She hands over to us securities, bonds, etc., which again can only have value provided they in turn are negotiable or saleable.

Point (1) is practicable within definitely limited and controlled lines. Two years ago in these pages we gave the amount that Britain could accept without material harm at about £30,000,000 per annum; thus sugar, timber, dyes, etc.; there is every reason to believe that English experts accept that estimate as pretty nearly accurate. This is the limit, for every sovereign's worth over and above that amount would displace an English sovereign's worth of wealth and its distribution and so do us injury. France, too, might accept £30,000,000 in goods; Belgium, say, £10,000,000—not more.

Point (2). The question of helot service may be dismissed. Labour would prove an insuperable obstacle to free service. We need not consider the point.

Point (3). Here the question is exchange value—it is

a perfectly well understood credit operation. German securities are no good to us, unless we in turn can pass them on, that is, sell them; for the intrinsic value of securities depends upon their extrinsic exchange value, and in the ultimate analysis that value, passed on, will depend upon *market opportunity*, which in the absence of *trade necessity* must necessarily be a definitely restricted one. As astonished Governments have discovered, the A and B Reparation Bonds printed by Germany are "duds," for no nation will buy them. We are up against our points. We come back to mechanism. That resolves itself into the simple formula that we and France can take Reparations in goods and securities precisely so much as we severally can *sell*. Reparation is thus entirely a problem, in the absence of a German gold mine or of an Aladdin's cave, of what we can ourselves redispose of, *i.e.*, what others will buy from us as good value. Nothing more or less. All the rest is politics: hate or sentiment, not "good goods," as the Americans say.

In the brilliant analysis of this matter published in our March number, 1921, it was stated that the only way to obtain Reparation was for the Reparation Committee to accept sole responsibility for the transfer of value, for otherwise there could be no mutuality of interest and so no results, the question being technical, which it was for us, as the receivers, to determine and to translate into practical effect. The stabilisation of German finances was of course an indispensable part of the *modus vivendi*. The entire technique turned on *Allied participation* in German activities, thereby ensuring credits in *foreign currencies* as against internal participation, which could only produce credits in *internal currency*, which so far has been the Allies' way, with disastrous consequences to the German mark. Our neglect to understand the ordinary routine of banking exchange mechanism has led to the senseless bankruptcy of Germany and to the utter futility of the Reparation dispute. Financially, Germany is an empty shell, an oyster minus the beast—or the pearl. Stinnes, smoking endless cigars, proceeds with the business of all-round industrial trustification on credits in foreign currencies.*

* The entire value of German first-class securities to-day would not pay for a year's costs of the Armies of Occupation, owing to the mark.

The law is precisely the same as that governing the exchanges, *i.e.*, polarity, as Professor Cassell has explained in his brilliant analysis, *Money and Foreign Exchange After* 1914 (Constable). It is that the foreign value of a currency is determined by its internal value or purchasing-power, estimated, of course, and now influenced largely by purely political or speculative considerations; and this internal value is controllable by monetary administration, primarily, that is, inflation and deflation. That is why all idea of a return to the gold parity of European currencies is ridiculous—the gold standard at the best merely being a policeman who to-day has lost all the sanction which is his authority. German securities are like German currency, their value depends upon their saleability outside; thus it is that German financial administration, by flooding the country with internal purchasing-power which is fictitious, has reduced the exchange values of her wealth to nonsense because of a mechanism of exchange based upon a proven artificiality or measurement of convenience—gold. In Germany's case the driving-force of this depreciative policy was the absurd Reparation demands imposed upon her by force, coupled with the fear of inner revolution in the event of widespread unemployment. If M. Clemenceau had understood political economy, he would not have bothered about the figure of Reparation at Versailles, he would have insisted upon Allied control of German monetary issue, thereby fixing the exchange. To-day, the only solution of all the depreciated currencies of Europe is financial bankruptcy. Stabilisation must begin inwardly; it can only now start from new currencies based upon some approximate equation as between internal purchasing-power parity and outward exchange saleability.

This means a heart blow to the capitalist system, because it will destroy not the intrinsic wealth, tangible and intangible—thus land, minerals, brain-power—of a country, but the expression or mechanism of its wealth, thus all premier securities, bonds, mortgages, all savings, all actual capital, etc., whereby the capitalist system functions. Hence the flight from the mark and krone. Inflation has Bolshefied Europe. Now the money side of that staggering problem may merely be a technicality, and its adjustment consequently controllable, but its effects upon the world's

system cannot fail to be stupendous, because uprooting the foundation of credit, upon which the system rests, which is not a law that can automatically be corrected by another law, but confidence. Here only international co-operation can avail, and eventually Europe will go into receivership. If America were to give back, not sell back, the gold she has got from Europe, a beginning could be made; otherwise a world paper monetary system would seem the inevitable solution. In this connection it is interesting to find financial opinion inclining to the view that the French franc will shortly become the monetary unit of paper Europe, which really includes France.

Such being the brutal truth about Reparation, how comes it that two loyal and intelligent Governments have done little else since 1919 but squabble about the expectant millions, to such good purpose that from Reparation we have passed to Constantinople, across the Straits of which we now face one another, like two stage freebooters growling about the vanished spoils? The answer is policy. We have not understood, or refused to listen to, banking technique; the French merely use Reparation as the axe of policy. That policy is "sanctions" or the right to grab the Rhine and so throttle German industry and German imperial unity. Parisian politicians laugh at our frantic endeavours to square the round hole of Reparation which they know to be mob economics—M. Loucheur would be the first to poke fun at our meticulous efforts to talk decent or elementary economics about impossible sums, but they hang on to the tale like grim death because Reparation is the mob or newspaper instrument and the declared alternative is the Rhine. I mention this, as otherwise the French and British *détente* anent Constantinople is not intelligible. Now we come to grips with Europe as a whole. We now know that *Reparation* over and above, say, £2,000,000,000 is nonsense, and so are ready to talk economic truth; the French, on the contrary, realising that revelation has come to the stolid British merchant who wants to sell and reduce his bank overdraft, now insist upon sanctions or policy which they declare they are willing to accept as the alternative for money; in a word, France claims her pound of flesh according to the bond.

And so just when we were framing up to reduce Kemal to the warlike formula of pulp, Belgium refused the

proffered German securities with the object of enabling the Reparations Committee to declare Germany's default, thereby setting in automatic motion the physical operations which aim at the Rhine: then another accommodation happened. We have guaranteed Belgium the needful securities, the German coefficient being a gold deposit earmarked as a kind of contango for future redemption, and this little banking finesse has technically deprived France of her claimed right to use the guns, not against the Turk but the real enemy—Germany. Sir John Bradbury has stalemated M. Poincaré, that is the result. France has thus seriously tripped up. Not only has she publicly let us down across the Hellespont, she has annoyed the Little Entente and lost a bishop to the redoubtable banker now compelled in the interest of trade and civilisation to act his real economic thoughts and spike the politician. Another move in the dreary game which may end in war. What about it? There is only one thing to say about it, and that is that on these lines we shall continue indefinitely pin-pricking one another until one day the two great friends of the war find that peace is not worth even the price of another diplomatic pretence.

The problem of France and England will remain. How is it to be solved?

It can only be solved by a new attitude. We must get not only a new approach but new definitions; we must harness policy to new interpretations. Nearly seventy years ago we fought Russia to keep the Turks in Constantinople; to-day we threaten Turkey to keep others out of Constantinople. If that is all that we have won to, the Kaiser may lightheartedly celebrate his second marriage. It will settle nothing. The only way to restore Europe, re-establish confidence, and secure peace is to create conditions of peace; to " bottom " the reasons and conditions of war and build on sound foundations, step by step, which have as their central purpose, not power, but peace. League of Nations law has in fact become a world necessity.

I don't refer to Wilsonism or the League of Nations machinery such as exists at Geneva, I mean law derived from the friction of example and sincerity, such, for instance, as would be furnished were we to refer Ireland to world arbitrament; were the East to be asked to adjudicate

with the West upon the agelong world poisons and inhibitions which in their morbid reactions upon a people mystic by temperament in an island mysterious by locality have made Ireland a perpetual negation and the Irish a positive affirmation precisely of what no man, not even the gods, can discover the cypher. That act would imply philosophic statesmanship, and unless we move towards such an equation Europe will continue to pursue the illusion of peace through the well-known harbingers of war. What is needed to-day is a new World Conference convened not to resettle boundaries, but first to determine the new laws and definitions according to which boundaries should be settled, to find new governing reasons. America is prepared to move forward on lines of international law, but this is merely a step, an incidence of machinery. If the right of the sword is to be dethroned—as we stand to-day after Armageddon the sword is sacrosanct—justice must be made a tangible reality based upon common service and utility, and reason must become a plebeian emotion. The relations between France and England to-day are discreditable and puerile. To adjust them, world machinery must be used, world principles enforced, world laws enacted. We must learn to co-operate, otherwise we shall fight. War will remain the argument, power the motive, peace itself but a stepping-stone to higher power effort. It should not be above our strength at least to test what good-will and sincerity can achieve in the grim association with conditions which economically leave us in Europe with no alternative save disaster. The precondition of success is the truth and the acceptance of realities. The economics of Europe are to-day utterly, absurdly, subsidiary to politics, which means general nonsense, like our debt to America, which, an we really paid it, say by a specific levy on the wealth of individual rich men, would cause American plutocrats to explain to America the immediate necessity of wiping it out parenthetically by return " broadcast," with no doubt some shipfuls of gold by way of bonus. These truths we have got to get out into the open. The war gag of delusion must be blown up. Reparation must be shown to be a political trap. England must reclaim the balance of her own genius through world co-operative sincerity.

Take England and America; again for some incompre-

hensible reason we seem unable to find a common tongue. The Balfour Note estranged Americans, who cannot understand the mentality which appears to aim at scoring farthing points rather than at solutions, and so once more we have a fizzle. What is the hopeless truth? It is, of course, that we could pay the American debt by handing over English securities, the proceeds of an excess capital levy here, an operation which could be conducted in thirty days; yet were we to propose this form of taxation, which would profoundly modify, though in no way destroy, the capitalist system, the Americans would be the first to implore us to forget all about the debt. And for this reason. An excess capital levy presupposes limitation of individual wealth, an idea which, if carried out here, would inevitably "go" like wildfire in America, where, as Mr. G. K. Chesterton has put it, two classes of criminals are recognised; one the criminal, the other the plutocracy; whereas in England we "only recognise one class." If the Balfour Note had proposed this entirely feasible operation, the debt question would to-day be settled—killed outright. How is it our bankers have not had the honesty to propose this direct and simple remedy? Now we go on talking about the English tradition of honouring debts, instead of meeting round a table and discussing the mechanism of the necessary transfer of value, which in reality is the only point worth discussing, seeing that America has already a surfeit of gold which has largely been the cause, on account of interest, of the American inflation and disastrous process of deflation, and has set up so prohibitive a Tariff barrier that goods cannot be received. No doubt the American public has to be educated, but that is America's business; what matters is that educated Britain and America should at least understand that barking at one another across the Atlantic is unworthy of the Anglo-Saxon civilisation, and that until we do talk economic sense coupled with political honesty America is not likely to respond in any constructive spirit.

Had we referred Ireland to a real League of Nations or international Tribunal, the new philosophic conception of policy would be born of sacrifice and example, and the Turkish question would automatically go for reference to such a body without let or hindrance. America dare not

refuse to take part in a tribunal of that kind, and at once the whole spirit of mankind would undergo a change. Our problems would vanish. The great debt problem would be referred to bankers, who would tell us what to do and how to do it, and politicians would cease from troubling. That is the real significance of Ireland. Her problems are essentially world problems of war, religion, race, and idiosyncrasy of small importance locally, of immense importance cosmically, because Ireland is a spirit which belongs to the world and can only be handled successfully by world arbitration. To obtain that world attitude a world philosophic policy must be generated, born of sacrifice. Ireland is thus our key and the world's opportunity, and if we used it Europe would regain her life machinery of confidence and recuperation.

Let us look for the sake of perspective at another—this incontestable, horrible, and baffling truth. Britain has to find yearly for interest on dead-weight debt and sinking fund plus pensions about £500,000,000; now the total export figure of last year, representing turnover, not profit, was £700,000,000. Yet no one talks about it. Ministers never mention it. No leading article has touched it. Not an economist, expert, or pundit has even broached it.

What is the answer? Is there one, on a gold standard? On paper of course there is an answer—marks. Instead of burnishing our spurs and buttons to chase Turkish troops across the heights and roadless regions of Angora, we would be wisely employed in thinking desperately about that one awful fact, in summoning the concentrated wisdom of the country to find the answer and not resting until we had found it.

The Roman Dream

(A Psalm for two souls.)

By Nadejda Stancioff*

THEY met among the deserted ruins of the Eternal City and blended their two solitudes into one, from which arose, imperial and divine, a secret flower. It was a strange flower that grew as straight and proud as the marble columns in the Forum, whose perfume, both ethereal and strong, was that of the stones and incense of old sanctuaries, whose petals had all the rich, deep hues of the mosaics of Rome. And its destiny was to fade, so soon, because the wind of passion was too fierce and burnt it to the roots. But neither of them did ever see the flower. Words—thoughts—silences and the Dream. . . .

Then this letter . . . across the Campagna:

FRASCATI, 19.I.1920.

MY OWN ONE,

What will it be next month, and the next, and all the other endless months, if I feel so desperately lonely for having left you for two days? As this is the first and probably the last letter that you will let me write to you, I must tell you once for all what these short weeks have meant to me, my own One, through you.

The dear rambles in your beloved Rome, that to me is only you, my little girl in blue serge, with the brown hat I hated (and yet liked in a way) hiding her eyes and thoughts from me—my little Eastern girl, so small and yet so brave, so proud and yet so shy, . . . the long rambles from the narrow streets to the ruins that are infinite, *you* will remember them as Rome, and *I* shall treasure them in my heart as queer, strange, beloved glimpses of my own Child-Friend.

And yet, you are not a Child, my own One.

I know you well; you have lived and have seen and have felt. Why will you not love?

I shall never forget the look in your dear eyes,—that day,—you remember in the Via Appia? when I told you what you had always known—the look that seemed to say, "Oh, you men, to talk of those things, after seeing the road of the tombs and pines and cypresses!"

I expect that very look is in your eyes now as you read,—and the thought of it stops me now, as it did then—and I am afraid of sarcasm. Do you know, by the way, that you are one of the most cynical women I have *ever* met? It is not your fault: nothing *could* be your fault! What have you been doing to-day?—picking irises on the Palatine and

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* Nadejda Stancioff is the first woman diplomat, and has recently been appointed to Washington, though she is temporary secretary at the Legation in London.

getting scolded by our friend the Custode, or writing essays on what you call "war" treaties? . . . My own strange One, made of clouds and fire, so different from all the women I have known! Whether you wish it or not, I shall take you with me in my heart to my dreary North.

For me you are the Dusk, the warm hazy Dusk of Summer.

Yes, whether you wish it or not, I shall take you away in my heart, as a beautiful triptych of a treasured past, the panels of which will be made of you and Rome, and will belong only to me.

Disenchanted . . . so soon, and why?

If you had only let me, Slava, I would have taught you to hope and to believe. Slava is smiling! She is smiling at her grey-haired friend who ought to know better! Slava, do you remember that day last week, on the Janicoli, when you said—so sweetly—that my hair was the colour of the moonlight? *Au revoir*, my own One, to-morrow, for the last dear hours of the Rome that only belongs to us both, does it not? With the homage of my affectionate respect, as you refuse the rest,

LADISLAS.

P.S.—I read my letter over: it says none of the things I meant to say, so you will read it through, I know. . . .

She read—then closed her eyes and sighed, for he had felt the dream through her—and she had felt the dream through Rome—and now, she saw her dream fall, wingless to the earth, amid the ruins—because of a few words.

But Rome was there around her, and she did not care.

She wrote: "My dream is Rome—and Rome alone."

But yet, across the plain, swift he returned, and seemed to cast all memory of his letter from his thoughts, and the spells of the divine city closed about their two solitudes once more.

Again the Dream, for him through her, for her through Rome.

And the secret flower stood proudly in the sun, above the ruins. . . .

The thick curtains were completely drawn before the high windows overlooking the great Piazza del Quirinale, and they concealed the view of Rome. She was there with him, amid the flowers, the books and the pictures which they both loved—and all the while he thought they shared the same Dream.

And so, before the fire, he told her long weird stories of the north, the while her thin brown hands played absently with the waves of hair that were "the colour of moonlight," and his heart was full of joy.

But just above him and his hopes, her sad eyes, in which seemed to lurk all the misfortunes of her nomad race, sought that which they had found at last after so many

weary wanderings, sought that which in this room she missed and which he had striven in vain to tear from her, sought Rome, the "City of the Soul," to whom "all orphans of the Heart should turn." Suddenly, between two of the thick curtains, a ray of light shot across the room towards her, and she cried, the while her voice cut through his northern tales as a bright eastern poniard rents a dark garment, "The Storm has passed—we may return to Rome." Slipping from the room, she ran down the shallow stairs of the old dwelling, ran down to Rome. The sun had burst through the clouds and the great Piazza, with its stately palaces, was flooded with a fierce, tragic light that gleamed on the wet stones like liquid gold. In the centre of the still deserted quadrangle, the two Dioscuri and their marble steeds seemed to rule a strange world of gods, unknown and yet familiar. The grey obelisk and the gleaming fountain between the motionless Heroes ascended from the great wave of light below to the other above.

And in front of all—Rome—its spires, its fountains, its gardens, its ruins, and its Souls: the Rome of the Cæsars, the Rome of the Popes, the Rome of all the wanderers who have come hither seeking peace—all the Romes of Rome! . . .

Now, in the little studio, amid the flowers, the books and the pictures, he hated Rome, to whom she had just carried more fire and more shadows.

One afternoon they wandered, as they often did, among the ruins of the Palaces of the Cæsars on the Palatine. She was very quiet that day. When they reached the Stade, so full of memories and spells, she slipped a note into his hand and said: "Leave me alone with Rome, while you read this, and try to understand." He asked no question and strode away to read the thin sheets, closely covered with the erratic writing that he knew was hers:

"A Page torn from my Soul."

One of the days, it matters not which, of a winter in Rome. I run to my daily meeting with Rome, a meeting that I would not miss for all the hours of Love of the World; for my daily meeting with Rome is made of purity, of light, and of song; it gives me the most marvellous joys, all abstract at this season, but that satisfy my wishes of the moment. And every day I choose among the treasures of Rome—and after . . . it is as if I had drunk a magic fluid made of the juice of poppies, of violets, and

of narcissi. I forget all! . . . and belong to Rome alone and all the divine Romes of Rome belong to me. . . .

How happy, how supremely happy we are together, Rome and I, under the sun among the ruins, or beneath the low vaults of the sanctuaries of the past, or in the violet shade of the pines and cypresses. . . .

This evening the hour of ecstasy is above the dull brown waters of the Tiber, on the Ponte Palatino. Before me lies the ancient little Piazza of Sta. Maria-in-Cosmedin, at the foot of the Aventino, next to which stands the Villa Malta on its wooded hill.

The evening is warm and balmy and soft—and I am alone with Rome—and it is all so beautiful and wonderful and powerful that it makes me suffer with joy. Rome burns my body and my heart; Rome flows through me with my blood; it has become a sort of silent madness, as strong as Love. Oh, Rome, my only Love, my Heaven and my Dream! Rome, what could I ever worship and cherish and need as I do *you*? Rome, how could I care to play with men? You, you alone, your sky, your hills, your memories, the Via Appia, the Campagna. . . .

In a few days, a few weeks, it will be the last meeting, my Rome, our last hour of Love, and I shall treasure it as one of those weird autumn days, all during which the drifting leaves of gold describe the mournful death of the Season of warm joys—as the last minutes to spend with the Loved One before a long, limitless parting; and it will, therefore, be full of anguish and passion and sorrow.

Rome, I shall leave you on the Piazza di Spagna, at the foot of the shallow steps leading to the gardens of the Gods. As usual, the last steps will be covered with blossoms; as usual, the peasant women will be sprinkling the wallflowers that are the colour of Roman walls, with water taken from Bernini's marble boat—and I shall draw all these things into my eyes with the light of Rome for a long, long time, if not for ever. Then, mounting the steps, I shall say good-bye to Rome from the terrace above, and my only Love, my Rome, for the last time will kiss my eyes—the last warm, beautiful, quivering touch—and will leave "enough of joy" in them "for Life."

My Rome!

He read the strange wild hymn to Rome, first with a kind of stupefied amazement, then with horror, then again with anguish.

The Dream, made of the Spells of the Divine City, had cast him from her for ever, and out of their two solitudes had only arisen new ruins for Rome. New ruins for the city that knows not Life or Death.

He returned to the Stade and sought for her in vain.

'Twas Rome which met him with the glory of the evening light, falling in veils of gold, over the ruins.

And in the garden of dreams, of memories, of visions and of thoughts that spreads over the Palatine and its ruins as a splendid garment, . . . the secret Flower swayed and trembled in the dusk—in the wind—in the sadness—till it fell as a shattered column, over the low wall, into the dark, invisible depths of the Eternal City.

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Books

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

SHAKESPEARE'S MYSTERY PLAY: A STUDY OF "THE TEMPEST." By COLIN STILL. Cecil Palmer. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.

MANY of the people who set out to re-interpret Shakespeare are—to put it bluntly—ignoramuses. On the other hand, the gentlemen whom Frank Harris scornfully lumped together as "the professors," though they know all about quartos and folios and commentators, are not always so constituted as to appreciate the simple human appeal of Shakespeare's words. Both schools, in the event, give the impression of having omitted to read those words at all. But between ignorance and the textual criticism of "the professors" (to say nothing of the sexual criticism of the genius Frank Harris) there is a happy mean to be struck; and, when it *is* struck, we get a good book about Shakespeare. Mr. Still's book is, in our opinion, a good one. He is very far from being an ignoramus, but his learning is not pedantic. He really has something new to say, and he says it with an admirable lucidity and modesty.

His main contention is extremely interesting, and will not, we hope, be dismissed without serious critical consideration. We are inclined to believe that it has the root of the matter in it. Briefly, it argues that *The Tempest* is an allegory, representing the initiation of the soul into a higher life (salvation), and thus corresponding to the Eleusinian Mysteries, the Sixth Book of the Aeneid, the *Divine Comedy* of Dante —in short, to every ritual, or account of ritual, designed to typify the fall, the ascent, and the redemption of mankind. Well, *The Tempest* needs some explaining. Mr. Lytton Strachey has recently pointed out that the conventional explanation of it as a sort of sunny retrospect of Shakespeare's life and philosophy is founded on nothing in the tone or temper of the play itself; but he has given no positive solution.

The characters in the play are not, and cannot be meant to be, human characters. What, then, are they? Mr. Still, we believe, is on the right track. He proves, perhaps, both too little and too much. He leaves the trouble about Prospero almost worse confounded than before, representing him as (1) the hierophant (p. 75); (2) the Almighty (p. 202); and (3) William Shakespeare (p. 243). It is true that he realises what he has done, and tries to reconcile us to it—but not successfully. The main hesitation of readers will probably be felt over the extension of the argument to prove that the symbolism detected in *The Tempest*, and in the other works and traditions to which it is compared, is a basic psychological necessity, so that religious mysteries follow it because they must. But this, of course, carries us very far beyond the literary criticism of a single play.

HISTORY.

THE STORY OF MANKIND. By HENDRIK VAN LOON. Harrap and Co., Ltd. 12*s*. 6*d*.

THIS informative and entertaining history of the world is the American sequel to Mr. H. G. Wells, but more for children. Its great success in America is fully justified. It fills a yawning gap. It really is an entirely admirable survey of history spiced with the author's drawings which enhance both its charm and lesson. In these two historical surveys we have the new beginnings of the meaning of history. Mr. van Loon is clearly an artist with a philosophic bent which has enabled him to fasten on the true events in progress, placing kings, warriors, and dates in their right perspective. For children, this is a delightful and admirable book. Not mere hero-worship; no tiresome recapitulation of conventional landmarks, but an original, individualist conception touched off with deep *aperçus* such as his reference to Schumann's song, "The Two Grenadiers," as judgment upon the meaning of Napoleon. It is on these lines that history will be re-written. This book should be used extensively in schools.

FICTION.

THE HIDDEN FORCE. By LOUIS COUPERUS. Jonathan Cape. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

THIS striking picture of the Dutch in Java has that sort of relationship to Anglo-Indian life which makes its remarkable differences inter-

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esting. The story centres round the "Resident" of an up-country station and the official society of mingled whites and Eurasians which form his *entourage*. From the beginning there is a growing feeling of uneasiness in the air, which is more than climatic or political, an indefinable sense of dark gods or devils working for the native against his rulers, but this is so cunningly conveyed that the life of *liaison*, languor, hard work, and public and private life occupies all the solid foreground. Table turning, the smouldering hate of the reproved native ruler, and a mysterious Hadji who appears and disappears in the tropic moonlight, all act as stepping stones to the unexplained visitation which overtakes the household of the manly and unimaginative Resident who has been long blind to the pagan eroticism of his beautiful white wife. She, Leonie, is an extremely complete bit of characterisation amongst a set of characters drawn with delicate deliberation in this quietly told story. The translation, for which the late Mr. Alexander Texeira de Mattos was responsible, gives this suave, inevitable tone to the English, and preserves idiom and inflection unfalteringly in a fascinating study of tropical influences and implications.

HEARTBEAT. By STACY AUMONIER. Hutchinson. 7*s*. 6*d*.

EUGENISTS will derive from this story the assumption that an irregular union between a dour and prosaic Chancellor of the Exchequer and a vital and frivolous comedienne is likely to produce a charming

girl, morally balanced upon the knife-edge of circumstance—a perfectly reasonable conclusion. Fortunately for the reader, circumstances favour an extremely variegated and amusing career in which the daughter in question, Barbara, assumes the capital stage name of Fancy Telling, tours with a pierrot troupe, meets a number of professionals, marries the "big noise" because he wants her, and then comes alive to the poignancy and depth of her own soul with catastrophic results. Needless to say that Mr. Aumonier tells her story with swift and vivid completeness; it is, indeed, the author's fine sense of his reader's intelligence that adds an unusual delight to this story. Once only does he intervene with perhaps a couple of pages of commentary; the rest of the book is incident and conversation, admirably sufficient and brilliantly done. *Heartbeat* is in substance the story of a girl's emotional and intellectual reactions to life as she finds it—a headstrong girl of fundamental nobility and tenderness, under some external hardness—a complex, lovable creature, too brave to pity and too unhappy to blame. The picture of successful theatrical life, with its easy morality, jealousy, and good fellowship, is of the most modern, and the characters are fresh and living; but it is Mr. Aumonier's attitude of comprehending spectatorship which lifts the story into the upper air—he is too much of an artist to wallow in sentiment and become a "best seller," but the public, like Whistler's Nature, is creeping up, thanks to just this sort of novel.

SOCIAL.

ENGLISH PRISONS TO-DAY. Edited by STEPHEN HOBHOUSE and A. FENNER BROCKWAY. Longmans and Co. 25*s.* net.

THIS is a very careful investigation of the prison system of quite exceptional value and interest, which the public should read. In many ways it is a terrible story. The system is still penal, not reformatory, striking at the central nervous system, and warders and prisoners agree that solitary confinement is deliberate cruelty. It is the silence which brutalises. Its enforcement makes spies of the warders, and exercises a deadening effect on the prisoner. That is why prison to men of education is so terrible a thing. Shut up for eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, low fed, spied upon, treated purely as a number, and unable to speak, the wonder is that man survives the ordeal. Its result is bad. Many become recidivists; few reform. Oscar Wilde's ballad is as true as ever. Prison is hell, except to a degraded type, and there is little doubt but that our present system will shortly be scrapped for a real remedial, pathological system such as tentatively already exists in America. That is the gravamen of the charge, precisely as with the asylums—the object and administration is penal largely in the hands of ex-soldiers. Caught in the *régime*, chaplains and warders succumb to the rigidity of the iron routine, and there is no reforming mechanism. This book adds considerably to the now recognised need of reconsidering the treatment of criminals on modern scientific lines. It is scrupulously fair. The overwhelming evidence in support of change must surely hasten on the overdue reforms.